

Exit the bandmaster?

An old saw has it well that it's never safe to generalize about the French, who are the world's best generalizers. As Cardinal Gerlier of Lyon, recently our guest in New York, scouts the idea that France could ever go seriously communist, a nation-wide railway strike just missed paralyzing the French economy, and possibly precipitating another political crisis. But certain salient features of the strike suggested that we had been swallowing too easily the assumption that French workmen (6,000,000 strong in the General Confederation of Labor) are hopelessly "communist-dominated," and ready any moment for a general political strike at the drop of a Muscovite baton. The recent spate of strikes was "unauthorized" by the Communists or any other political party. It bore all the earmarks of a straight and spontaneous trade-union appeal for higher wages and equitable job classification, in face of rising living costs which government planning has so far been powerless to keep under control. The CFTC (Catholic Trade Union Federation), which has no political axe to grind, supported the strikers with a summons to the Government to use its authority over manufacturers and retailers "with a vigor equal to that shown toward the wage-earners." Even Premier Ramadier was quick in abandoning his original "theory" that a secret political "bandmaster" was calling the tune this time. The independent *Monde* has been telling us—after the Social Security controlling-committee elections in April, when the Christian Trade Unions and other independents polled nearly half the votes—that a large sector of French workers is completely out of sympathy with CGT leadership and tactics. Growing thousands want the labor unions to return to their traditional policy of "political and philosophical neutrality." Out of much evil the railway strike may have drawn much good if it signals indeed the exit of the bandmaster.

The teen-age GI

The Army expects to enlist 94,200 of this year's high-school graduates during the summer and early fall, and the indications are that the new peacetime Regular Army will rely more and more on the teen-ager to keep up to its present full authorized strength of 1,070,000. These youths will not enjoy the moral and spiritual safeguards widely advertised in the Fort Knox experiment and earnestly recommended by the President's Advisory Commission on Universal Training. While the public has been driving a hard bargain with the Army on behalf of the welfare of the trainees of the proposed UMT program, it has practically ignored the very real moral dangers run by the teen-age GI. No comparable attempt has been made to induce the Army to revise its attitude to moral questions and race discrimination, the assumption apparently being that whoever joins the Regular Army

does so at his own risk. Actually, we know of no reason why the young high-school graduates, enlisting this summer by the tens of thousands in the Regular Army for occupation duty in Europe or Asia, have any less right to or need of moral and spiritual protection than the trainees in the still-nebulous UMT program about which so much ink is spilled. The contrast, in fact, between the exaggerated concern manifested by all hands for the "umtee" and the cool indifference to the really serious dangers of the young GI is so striking as to be grotesque. If the public is so indifferent to what is happening to the high-school graduate in today's Regular Army, and so parsimonious in providing him chaplains, how serious can we be with respect to the spiritual safeguards for the high-school graduate in a UMT camp?

Independence for India

The simultaneous announcement in London and New Delhi on June 3 of a plan acceptable to all parties for the transfer of power to Indian hands has resolved, by a masterly compromise, the hitherto insoluble problem of Indian independence. Great Britain had announced last February that she intended to end her responsibility in India by June, 1948 and has now given practical proof that India has complete freedom to govern herself. The Hindu Congress Party, representing over two hundred million of the population, has reluctantly yielded its position for a united India and agreed to the creation of Pakistan, an independent and sovereign Moslem state. The Moslem League, with over ninety million adherents, while winning its long and intransigent fight for partition, has consented to the partition of Bengal and the Punjab, which up to now it has insisted should be incorporated into Pakistan. The surprise move, which brought great satisfaction to the English people generally, has been the offer of dominion status to the new states of Pakistan and Hindustan. This will be made effective by the middle of August. This offer was introduced as a means of speeding up the transfer of power, but once the British have definitively moved out of India, the new states will be free to withdraw from the Commonwealth if they so wish.

Greatest experiment in history

This brilliant solution of the Indian political crisis is but the first step. There remains the immediate task of arranging for the mixed provinces of Bengal, the Punjab, Baluchistan, the Northwest Frontier and the Sylhet District of Assam to decide by vote which of the two states they will join. The 500-odd Princely States are left free to form an independent union or to join one of the new states. There is the further long-range task of framing constitutions and creating competent political machinery for self-government. The magnitude of the problem arises

from the fact that India is a subcontinent with over 400 million people of different races and religions, who for the first time will be governing themselves without British aid. It will be the greatest democratic experiment in history. Already Mohammed Ali Jinnah, leader of the Moslem League, has pledged protection to minority groups in Pakistan without distinction of caste, creed or sect. Recently, too, the predominantly Hindu Constituent Assembly of the current Interim Government (from which the Moslem League has abstained) abolished untouchability in any form. It seems quite evident, however, that Moslem Pakistan will enter the political orbit of the Islamic world. It was on this ground that Indian Communists opposed partition, seeing in it a plan to unite the Moslem nations of the Near and Far East against the Soviet Union, which is separated from India only by the weak nation of Afghanistan. India faces a long, hard road, and on her fate will depend in great measure the stability of the Far East.

Stalin Over Europe

The most ominous words of the past fortnight were not spoken by President Truman, who labeled the Soviet coup in Hungary an outrage, but by nameless, hard-boiled diplomats in Paris. These sophisticated gentlemen, according to a dispatch to the *New York Times*, were talking grimly of Stalin's "time-table," predicting that the Kremlin's assault on the freedom of the Hungarian and Bulgarian peoples would soon be followed by similar action against Austria and Czechoslovakia. While some American newspapers interpreted the Russian ouster of Premier Ferenc Nagy in Budapest and the arrest of Nikola Petkov, leader of the Bulgarian Agrarian Party in Sofia, as the Kremlin's answer to the Truman Doctrine and the ouster of Communists from the governments in Italy and France, it should be evident that these events had no causal connection with the Russian aggression. The pattern of Soviet imperialism was partly fixed in the secret agreements between Stalin and Hitler in 1939, and before that by a long succession of Russian czars. At the most, the recent gestures by the democracies to contain communist aggression accelerated moves long since carefully planned. About the only hopeful development in these past few weeks has been the growing realization by the American people of the true nature of the Soviet Government and the dangerous futility of continued appeasement in the interest of a purely mythical unity. The sooner Stalin is made to see that the United

States, hungry for normalcy and peace-loving though it be, cannot be fooled a second time by nazi techniques, the better off the world will be. This note was unmistakable in the addresses of Secretary of State Marshall at Harvard and of President Truman and General Eisenhower at Kansas City.

Those Jesuits again

Joseph B. Phillips' article, "Italy: The 'Confessional' State," in *Newsweek* for May 26, is an interesting bit of journalistic legerdemain. His thesis is that both the Christian Democratic party ("Catholic in its thinking and its methods") and the Communists are "authoritarian" in their approach to government—"the constitution created from above for the benefit of the people rather than evolved from below to express the will of a people." Just who is "above" and who "below" in Italy at the present moment, he does not stop to explain. If Italy gets a new constitution it will be created by the Constituent Assembly, now sitting, which was elected in the freest elections held in Italy for many years. Presumably it will be ratified, or rejected by the people. A not dissimilar (though, to be objective, a less democratic) procedure was followed in this country in 1787; and we are still waiting for the "authoritarian" government. Warming to his work, Mr. Phillips recalls the days when "the political authority of the Church extended to every corner of Europe," and "its most effective instruments were the Jesuits." The Communists, continues Mr. Phillips, "always have been fascinated by the Jesuitical technique, and its stamp is strong on the course they are pursuing in Italy." He introduces in evidence two clear cases of communist duplicity: Togliatti's support of the Lateran Treaty to swing the Sicilian vote, and their weasel-worded guarantee of "freedom of the press." There he rests his case, hoping, apparently, that the casual reader will not notice that he has not advanced a scintilla of evidence to show 1) that the Christian Democrats are as authoritarian as the Communists; 2) that the Jesuits favor a technique of duplicity and double-crossing. The "Jesuitical technique" which has fascinated the Communists must, if one judges from their organization and methods, be that popularized by Dumas and the nineteenth-century shilling shockers: all-powerful secret control, absolute and unswerving obedience, justification of any means that attains the desired end, disguises, aliases and all the trappings of a world-wide conspiracy.

Discrimination in the Hartley-Taft bill

One provision of the Hartley-Taft bill, respecting the peaceful settlement of labor-management disputes which threaten the free flow of commerce, offers an intriguing possibility of promoting direct—as distinguished from representative—democracy in industrial relations. Under Title II, Section 203 (c), the Director of the new, independent Federal Mediation and Conciliation Service is ordered, as a last resort, to submit to the employes in the bargaining unit "the employer's last offer of settlement for approval or rejection in a secret ballot." Although

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Editor-in-Chief: JOHN LAFARCE

Managing Editor: CHARLES KEENAN

Literary Editor: HAROLD C. GARDNER

*Associate Editors: BENJAMIN L. MASSE, ALLAN P. FARRELL,
WILLIAM J. GIBBONS, J. EDWARD COFFEY*

*Contributing Editors: WILFRID PARSONS, ROBERT A. GRAHAM,
JOHN COURTNEY MURRAY*

Editorial Office: 329 W. 108TH STREET, NEW YORK 25, N. Y.

President, America Press: GERALD C. TREACY

Business Manager and Treasurer: JOSEPH CARROLL

Promotion and Circulation: GERARD DONNELLY

Business Office: 70 EAST 45TH STREET, NEW YORK 17, N. Y.

the hope which generated this provision—that fewer strikes would result if the workers were given a voice on the issues, since they are more conservative and responsible than their leaders—rests on exceedingly dubious grounds, no one can quarrel with the idealism necessarily associated with it. In theory, anyhow, direct democracy is more perfect than representative democracy, and the idea of giving all employees an immediate say in matters which affect them is highly commendable. It is so commendable, in fact, that we wonder why the authors of the bill, who are so concerned with holding an even balance between workers and employers, did not extend the same benefit of full democracy to the nation's stockholders. It seems singularly unfair to discriminate against owners on a matter of such importance to their interests as a threatened strike. We propose, therefore, that Section 203 (c) be amended; that after the word "ballot" a semi-colon be substituted for the period, and the following clause added: "and submission of the union's final demand to all the corporation's stockholders for approval or rejection in a secret ballot." A love for perfection urges us to recommend that each stockholder have but one vote regardless of the amount of stock held. But since this idea might meet with influential opposition, which would delay adoption, we are willing to settle for less in order to end immediately this new discrimination against owners, unwittingly, we are sure, incorporated in the Hartley-Taft bill.

Internationalism and Jews

Resurgent isolationists, not a whit daunted by the manifest need for effective international organization, again ply their stock in trade of explanations why the United States could have stood aloof from the recent conflict. One particularly obnoxious explanation, now being peddled in some Catholic quarters, is that Jews arranged U. S. entry into World War II to avenge their brethren's slaughter by the Nazis. It was the dread disease of "internationalism," the critics imply, which drove them to this unchivalrous denial of traditional American isolationism. Let it be said in defense of the Catholic principles governing international affairs that nowhere in the Church's official teaching or in the pronouncements of recent Popes on international order, can any justification be found for linking war, Jews and "internationalism" in such objectionable fashion. The past war, not yet resolved, grew out of a variety of reasons, some of which were undoubtedly rooted in the limited and selfish outlook of our own nation and people. We made mistakes, as we now realize; but neither we nor any other nation with a conscience could have stood idly by while totalitarian forces dominated the world. For the same reason that we had to disapprove of Hitler, in spite of our own shortcomings, we now have to struggle courageously for a genuine international order. There is no answer in isolationism and the blaming of minorities now, as there was not then. The Popes have called for international organization based on law. Other wise men have done the same. It is very unjust to resurrect the Protocols-of-Zion technique in a vain attempt to soothe

Christian consciences pricked by remorse at their lethargy in promoting a genuine world order, able to control war and the makers of war. International conflicts have their roots in human greed and pride, to which we are all potential heirs by reason of original sin. To try to put all the blame on one group, racist-wise, is definitely bad doctrine and worse morals.

CED program for small business

In releasing a program to buttress small business for the years ahead, Paul G. Hoffman, head of the Committee for Economic Development, said: "We recognize that what helps small business helps all business and the national economy as a whole." Although such sentiments have long since assumed the stature of gospel truth among us, the fact is that little business has been steadily dwindling in importance. Prosperous now, the little fellows face stormy weather in the not so distant future, and for this reason the CED report is especially welcome at this time. The chief handicaps of small business—inefficient management, difficulty in obtaining term credit and equity capital, high taxes and indifferent labor relations—have been abundantly publicized by the extensive hearings before the old Senate and House Small Business committees, and on this score the CED study adds very little that is new. But toward the solution of these difficulties it does make some novel suggestions which deserve further consideration. To deal, for instance, with the credit and capital needs of small business, CED proposes the creation of "capital banks" as an extension of our present commercial banking system. The capital would be subscribed by banks in the community or area, by business firms and individual investors. Chartered by the Federal Reserve System, the banks would operate under special rules adapted to their peculiar purpose. With such an instrument at hand, there would no longer be any necessity for direct government loans to small business, or for government guarantees of loans made by the commercial banks. This solution is typical of the CED approach to small business. Our most dynamic business organization wants the business community to practise self-reliance, stand on its own feet as much as possible, and stop running to Washington for doles and special favors.

Religion and unity in China

In a June issue of the *Saturday Evening Post*, George Weller claims that one hope for democracy in China lies in that country's atheism and materialism. Because China is not torn by religious rivalry—as are the southern penitents of Asia and Europe, from Java to Spain—he believes that political issues there can be seen in pitiless clarity. In this we find scant and doubtful comfort. Throughout an article otherwise solid and sympathetic, Weller confuses "democracy" with majority rule. Of course, if the agreement of a majority were the only requisite for democracy, the fewer the issues, religious or otherwise, that divided a citizenry, the easier democracy's course would be. But government by show of hands can be tyrannous; dictatorship by the proletariat can be

totalitarian. In March, at Moscow, General Marshall stated that the American Government and people give democracy another basic meaning: that human beings have certain inalienable rights which the state may neither give nor take away. Religion, recognizing a divine Author of such rights, must underlie democracy in this sense. To atheists and pantheists, neither human persons nor their rights are really sacred. For they deny the principle of consecration, a personal and infinitely good God, who makes persons and rights sacred because they are reserved and set apart for Him. The Chinese Episcopalian Bishop, the Right Rev. Mao Keh-tsung, said recently in New York: "Unless we are brought to the knowledge of one Father in Heaven, I do not see how mankind can live together as brothers and sisters." Mission statistics for 1947 reveal that in China there are 3,250,000 Catholics, 3,000 foreign and 2,000 native priests, and 8,000 students in three Catholic universities. There is need not of less but of more religion, and of the true religion, for the development of genuine democracy in the Far East.

Friendly advice

It is fine that Protestants get concerned over the secularism of our society and say so on many a public occasion—as Dr. Samuel McCrea Cavert of the Federal Council of Churches said it the other day.

While wanting to avoid indoctrination, it [public education] effectively indoctrinates successive generations in the notion that God is negligible and that Jesus Christ does not matter.

To which a great Amen! But two obstacles block Protestants from doing something about it: 1) a mistaken notion of the American principle of separation of Church and State; 2) an unholy fear of the Catholic Church. An honest effort to remove the first of these blocks would do a lot toward removing also the second, which, we often think, is the real stumbling block in the way of action against secularism.

Elective Governor for Puerto Rico

The biggest news item in months, so far as Puerto Rico is concerned, was the House Public Lands Committee's unanimous approval of the Puerto Rican Elective Governor Bill. The bill, sponsored by Rep. Fred Crawford of Michigan, was amended by the Subcommittee on Territorial Affairs. If passed by Congress—and there are indications that it will be—the bill would give Puerto Ricans the right to elect their own Governor for a four-year term beginning in 1948. He would have the power to appoint the island's Attorney General, Treasurer and other insular department heads. He would appoint a Puerto Rican Supreme Court with the consent and advice of the island's Senate. The insular legislature would call for election of other justices, and determine their tenure of office. The bill, however, would reserve the right to the President of the United States to appoint an auditor. This provision is thought necessary so long as Congress appropriates funds directly for use in Puerto Rico. Though far from being a complete solution of the

political and economic problems of the island, the proposed law is one step toward the amelioration of shameful conditions. In the words of Rexford G. Tugwell, former Governor of the island (cf. *The Stricken Land*, Doubleday, 1946), full national independence for Puerto Rico at this time would be "politically dangerous and economically suicidal." The best solution, he thinks, would be "equality in association with the United States." The Puerto Rican masses, terribly underhoused and undernourished, are ruled by an alliance between carpetbaggers and the native landed class. Local political parties have either been sold body and soul or committed to an uneconomic and anti-productive program of land distribution. This situation has in turn been docilely exploited by the Puerto Rican Communist Party, believed to be controlled by the communist centers in Cuba and Mexico. The proposed bill is a necessary and fully-justified measure, inasmuch as Puerto Rico's own future and United States prestige in Latin America are vitally concerned,

Agricultural policy

Sincere efforts are being made to formulate an improved agricultural policy. The House Committee on Agriculture has been holding extensive hearings, at which both individuals and groups present their views. To one type of business thinker, the solution is alarmingly simple and can be summed up in the expression "free enterprise." Let the Government get out of agriculture—save for research, education and minimum regulation of marketing—and all will be well. Then decline in farm prices would put a premium on efficient production and would lead farmers to shift from production of items in oversupply to those needed. Another outlook, equally shortsighted, is that exemplified by the wool-growers, but shared by other groups. To them it appears reasonable that the Government should protect their high-cost production by raising tariffs, even in the face of world efforts for freer trade. The problems facing the agricultural policy-makers are in reality far from simple. They are confronted with a growing consolidation of agricultural production, occasioning the progressive squeezing-out of genuine family farmers and the creation of serious labor and social problems. They see also that one effect of high farm prices has been encouragement of land purchase at prices topping those after World War I. Yet everyone knows that the present farm-price structure cannot endure, and that slowing-down of world trade in agricultural products could mean only one thing—collapse of thousands of farm ventures. Recent economic history warns that present price-support programs tend to benefit big producers, and that a successful means of providing regular "family" income has yet to be devised. Humanitarians disturbed by world hunger pass over lightly the matter of over-production, but the fact remains that after a farmer grows a product, particularly if it be perishable, he is pretty much at the mercy of our present inadequate distribution system. These and other problems are to be faced. It will take economic statesmanship of a high order, and genuine devotion to social values, to work out a satisfactory policy.

Washington Front

The current worry of the Administration over high prices offers an occasion for my annual sermon on the law of supply and demand.

It is a strange kind of law. It is supposed to work automatically, and always in the common interest, yet any individual or any group can monkey with it. A law that can be manipulated in favor of special interests so that it nullifies itself is a sort of paradox. Farmers or manufacturers can reduce the supply of food or goods, and thus drive up prices. So can demand, artificially stimulated beyond the visible supply, drive up prices. Or prices can be deliberately driven up merely by asking more for what is for sale.

Practically all of our farm legislation is based on this supply-and-demand fallacy. It is a curious commentary on our economic system that when a farmer has a bumper crop it is a tragedy for him. When his partnership with nature produces a bounteous supply of food, the producer himself is the sufferer, because this great supply means he will have lower prices. So the policy of government in his regard has been either to pay him for producing less, thus safeguarding high prices for him, or—as during the war—to say to him: "Go ahead and produce all you can, and I will take the

surplus off your hands, pay you for it, and keep it off the market." Thus we had the fantastic situation of government owning millions of bushels of potatoes, and pouring kerosene over them so that they could not be sold. Meanwhile people were starving in all parts of the world. The law of supply and demand was manipulated against all reason and justice.

Or we can see the producers of building materials, real-estate men, building contractors, with a sort of blind instinct for suicide, deliberately "pricing themselves out of the market," to use the vivid current phrase; while another government project, that of housing our veterans cheaply but well, collapses. This time the manipulation of the law has boomeranged against its manipulators.

The President's appeal to business to lower prices deliberately, so as to bring buyers back into the market, shows how far we have gone in our unconscious conviction that the old law doesn't work. *Fortune* magazine, in an editorial, goes so far as to say that if prices are not brought down deliberately, they will not come down, and if they don't come down, we are in for a smash that will bring all the world down with us.

Are we coming to the end of the long trail of individualism? At present we seem to be existing in a twilight of inertia. Pope Pius XI as long ago as 1931 warned us that if we do not practise *social justice*—justice that operates collectively—we are in for the end of an era. Enterprise as a whole will have to practise social justice, or government will. WILFRID PARSONS

Underscorings

The 17th season of the Summer School of Catholic Action, under the auspices of the *Queen's Work*, got under way at St. Louis University on June 15. From St. Louis the School will move to Boston College, June 22-28; to Loyola College, Montreal, June 29-July 5; to St. Paul, Minn., July 6-12; to Our Lady of the Lake College, San Antonio, July 27-August 2; to Fordham University and Regis High School, New York, August 17-23, and to Chicago, August 24-30. The theme for this year is "Mary, Marriage, the Family and Your Life's Work." Around this theme are grouped fifty courses, including the core course by Father Daniel A. Lord, S.J., the School's director, and another which Father Graham of the AMERICA staff will give at Boston and Montreal on "Our International Conscience."

► It is interesting news that, beginning next fall, Marquette University of Milwaukee will cooperate in the "Great Books Plan," but on its own terms. The purpose of the Plan is to interest adults in the permanent problems of mankind. This interest may be best provoked and sustained, it is believed, by reading the books in which those problems receive their finest expression and, sometimes, their definite solution. Marquette's terms of

cooperating in the Plan are the following: 1) it will select its own list of great books; 2) it will select and train its leaders from among the Marquette faculty, and will pay them; 3) it does not agree with the notion implied or expressed by the initiators of the Great Books Plan that no questions are to be answered, that problems are great because they are unsolvable, that truth is to be pursued but not reached, and so on. Marquette is interested in the Great Books Plan as a means of raising and settling, when possible, the problems of mankind, quite as much as were the authors of the great books themselves.

► A Biblical Summer School, sponsored by the Catholic Biblical Association of America, will be held, August 18-26, at St. Thomas Seminary, Denver, Col. Five Courses—on the Religion of Primitive Man, the Social Thought of the New Testament, Hellenistic Background of the New Testament, St. Paul's Use of the Old Testament, and the Mind and Spirit of Ancient Egypt—will be offered by Msgr. John M. Cooper, Rev. Paul Hanly Furley, Dr. Martin R. P. McGuire, Rev. Edward J. Hodous, S.J., and John Albert Wilson, Ph.D.

► The National Catholic School of Social Service, formerly sponsored by the National Council of Catholic Women, has been merged with Catholic University's School of Social Work. Msgr. John J. McClafferty, executive secretary of the National Legion of Decency since 1936, will be dean of the unified school. A. P. F.

Editorials

Paris pastoral

Christians inclined by nature or long habit to be gloomy over the "plight" of the Church in Europe may have their perspective restored, and their faith, hope and charity strengthened, by reading Emmanuel Cardinal Suhard's pungent Lenten Pastoral, "*Essor ou Déclin de l'Eglise*." For all of us it will bear a quiet few hours' meditation, first as "escape" from the desolation, discord and feverish futilities of the correspondents' current picture of "dying Europe," and then as welcome light and warmth for the examination of our conscience.

The Cardinal Archbishop of Paris is at pains to reaffirm, for the benefit of radicals, integrists and the faint-hearted alike, the *real presence* of the Church, with her positive redemptive charter and program, at the heart of every human problem raised by the New Order and its new "engineering" techniques. She will not be bypassed, isolated or locked up with her reliquaries in the sacristy. Her militant members will not allow themselves to be frightened or stampeded onto the sidelines, content to "hold what they have" and leaving a runaway world unchecked on the road to its own destruction.

Though our primary duty calls always for personal sanctification, the "public life" of the social apostolate remains its natural field of battle and feeding-ground. There can be no question of abdication, anathema or "rupture" with the City of Man which Christ has come to inhabit, save and sanctify.

Christ did not come to excommunicate the world, but to baptize it in His blood. . . . The Church may not oppose the world on the score that she is divine, or harden her heart in hostility to those not yet in the Fold because of her establishment as the chosen people. The Church is not a party. Christians are not partisans. The Church will not win the world by dividing it into enemy-blocs. The bravery asked of us lies in the constancy of our principles and our lives. That is a harder course than violence.

But the main stress of the Paris Pastoral is placed (with new urgency for France and new inspiration for the rest of Christendom) on the forthright *adaptation* of our teaching and ministerial methods, in the steps of the Master, to the social pattern and social needs of the postwar world. If this world is to be leavened, transformed and pacified from within by the gospel of justice and charity, Catholic social thought and action must continue to exercise their beneficent influence in and through the group or community as such. The rugged individualist, too often called devout or pious when we really mean selfish, has had his day. Cardinal Suhard bids us, laity and clergy alike, to bury him quietly and turn to the Christian duties and opportunities of our "sphere of influence," in the family, the trade union (an apostolate

"pivoted on the working masses"), the business and professional community, the local and national welfare agencies.

To convert the world it is not enough to be saints and preach the Gospel. Rather it is impossible to be a saint and live the Gospel we preach without spending ourselves in a common effort to provide everyone with the housing, employment, food, leisure and education necessary for a decent human life. . . . The group is saved only by the group, which alone has grace of state for the purpose. . . . In practice this will mean that Catholics agree, not to abandon their normal sphere of activity, but to establish fruitful and fraternal contacts with all those around them . . . rendering service without regard to beliefs or opinions. . . .

These are typically timely, penetrating and challenging words out of the spiritual treasury of the Eldest Daughter of the Church, who knows a revolution—and a resurrection—when she sees one.

Commencement talk

Looking over news accounts of graduation exercises, one might think it was a venerable tradition of Commencement time to put education at the crossroads of contemporary life, ready to dash full-tilt in some new direction, toward some new goal, at the command of the Commencement orator. In such fashion our generation has successively been called on to educate for responsible citizenship, for character, for American democracy, for the four freedoms, and for the one world of the atomic age.

Of course, none of these so-called goals is what education in school and college rightly can and ought to achieve. More in keeping with the Commencement occasion would be the assumption that graduates are people who can be safely entrusted with the continuation of their own education and as such might relish an introduction, on Commencement day, to a topic sufficiently broad, complex and timely to stimulate and challenge their best "post-graduate" interest and effort.

And such topics abound. There is the problem of Europe. It is Mr. Churchill's faith, and ours, that we must rally all our forces to the saving of Western civilization, to making Christian Europe into one world. But Mr. Howard Mumford Jones, in a much-publicized book, *Education and World Tragedy*, dissents. He holds that the European tradition is no longer central and that we must educate in the next two or three decades for a meeting of the East and West. The question may be arguable, but at all odds it is critical; and if graduates of schools and college cannot be interested in it, of what value is their education, and of what use Commencement?

At home, and for Catholics at least, the major post-graduate topic is the relations of religion, government and education. Recent debate has shown how confused the issues can become when the so-called "great American principle of complete separation of Church and State" is invoked. If Catholics are to prevent this principle from becoming merely a slogan of bigotry or a stratagem for establishing secularism as a state and national religion, they must initiate calm, courteous and rational discussion of the issues which the relations of government to education and religion legitimately raise. And what better forum for initiating it than the Commencement platform? An instance of what we mean was Cardinal Spellman's admirable address at Fordham's graduation exercises on June 11.

Mr. Taft, Republican candidate

For the "finest mind in Congress," Senator Taft's remark several weeks ago that "the President and the Administration are abandoning talk of keeping prices down in favor of heavy spending abroad that will keep them up" reflects a singularly narrow and partisan approach to public affairs. It is comparable, in its mischievous potentialities, with reckless Republican charges during the 1944 campaign that the Democratic Administration was planning to delay demobilization in order to avoid post-war unemployment. Once that charge was given currency, it became impossible for whatever administration happened to be in power to do anything but get the boys home and out of uniform as speedily as possible.

We are now mourning the bitter mistake of our over-hasty demobilization, and striving, through assistance to countries menaced by Soviet imperialism, to salvage some of the advantages we surrendered then. It is at this critical juncture in our affairs that the Senior Senator from Ohio has elected to aim a politically effective blow at the only policy which offers any hope for world peace and the nation's security.

While it may be possible to admire Mr. Taft's shrewdness in coupling foreign spending with high prices at home, we can only deplore this demagogic appeal to the weakness of our people. Mr. Taft knows, of course, that the Republicans in Congress were consistently critical of price controls during the war and wasted no time in dumping them as soon as the opportunity offered. Now the wreckers are frightened by public anger over the disastrous rise in the cost of living which has followed the end of effective price controls. Having miscalculated the length of time it would take before competition reduced prices to reasonable levels, they have no choice left, from a political standpoint, except to shift the blame for inflation on the Administration. Mr. Taft was intelligent enough to see that this could be done most effectively by linking high prices with foreign spending, since such an approach appeals both to our traditional isolationism and the natural reluctance of any nation to practise charity on a global scale.

What makes the Senator's action more disconcerting still is his endorsement of the Truman Policy and his

vote for the bill to aid Greece and Turkey. It was this obvious inconsistency which led the friendly *New York Times*, on June 6, to raise the question whether Mr. Taft, "politically speaking," was not "trying in this case to play both sides of the street." Can there be any doubt?

We do not believe that many people will be fooled by the Senator's charge that President Truman wrecked price controls by vetoing the first bill extending OPA, which Congress tardily passed and laid on his desk a matter of hours before price controls were due to expire. The fact is that the real friends of price control considered that bill something of a fraud, and the officials who would have been charged with administering it told the President it was unworkable and insisted that he veto it.

For the rest, we regret that President Truman, clearly angered by the unfairness of Senator Taft's remark, took the extraordinary step of issuing a statement in answer to it. This job should have been delegated to one of his subordinates. It is regrettable, too, that the statement was not drawn up more carefully—the charge that Senator Taft accepts "the old idea of boom and bust" being especially unfortunate. Maybe he does, but such charges are difficult to prove and only involve the one who makes them in long and complicated debate. As long as the President insisted on replying to Mr. Taft personally, he should have restricted himself to the single issue of foreign spending and domestic prices. On this point, Mr. Truman is right beyond the slightest doubt.

Red threat in Austria

The present moderate government which is trying desperately to set Austria back on the road to final peace and reconstruction was freely and fairly elected in the fall of 1945. The Austrian voter showed quite clearly by his ballot that he wanted nothing to do with communism; less than ten per cent of the popular vote went to the Communist Party, and of the National Assembly's 165 seats the CP got exactly four.

But this clear demonstration of democratic repudiation of all Moscow stands for has not prevented the Austrian Communists, a bare year and a half later, from threatening the country with a fate that has swept Hungary into the Russian maw. Ernst Fischer, one of the four communist members of Parliament, has promised Austria "generous assistance" from Russia in exchange for a new Government, empowered to rule for four years without parliamentary restrictions. There will be, he warns, "serious repercussions" if Austria continues her present policy of "western orientation." He flatly states that Moscow will sign no peace treaty with the present Austrian regime.

This shameless statement makes clear the direction of Russia's policy toward Austria ever since the Moscow "peace" conference. While the Austrian treaty commission is blocked at every turn by the evasions of the Russian member, 75,000 Russian occupation troops gobble up the food in the country's richest agricultural area;

the Russians, as General Clay charged openly on May 24, have continuously broken their pledge to supply food quotas to the other occupation zones; Austrian property which the Russians claim to be theirs as German assets is still retained and used, and payment of outstanding debts on such property is demanded at once.

That is certainly more than mere stalling; it is active, if insidious, aggression, designed to make the Austrians regret their flouting of communism, lose patience with their present badgered Government, doubt American interest in saving them, or ability to do so, and desperately, as a last hope for mere survival, turn to Moscow for "generous assistance."

What can the United States actually do to save Austria from the fate of Hungary? These three steps seem an imperative minimum. First, though the deadlock of the treaty commission is a tragic farce, the American delegates can yield not a whit; it must be made clear that we have made the ultimate concessions. Second, relief in monies (\$85 million from the \$350-million European relief fund, and \$50 million being negotiated through the Export Import Bank) must be made quickly available, and food supplies must be maintained. Third, the American occupation troops in Austria must be kept up to full strength and efficiency. We have consistently wished to relieve European countries of the burden of occupying armies, but for the peace of Europe and the world we dare not make a move in that direction until Russia matches us.

This is a grim picture, but a grimmer one is Stalin in the wings, with axe poised, ready to cut the rope that holds up the iron curtain. If we remain strong in Austria, he may hesitate to swing the axe; if we weaken, Austria is lost to democracy. And that means, in today's political set-up, lost to civilization.

Spanish succession

July 18, 1936 was a fateful day for Spain. It marked the beginning of the uprising which aimed at undoing the damage done by the collapsing Republican government, become the prey of forces of the extreme Left. It also marked the beginning of the bitter controversy over Franco, who soon emerged as the recognized leader of the Republican Government's opponents.

Today, eleven years later, Generalissimo Franco proposes to give the Spanish people their first opportunity since February, 1936 of expressing themselves by ballot. In view of the fact that a referendum on the new succession law has been more or less promised within a month, this is an opportune time to summarize the events which led up to the present situation.

The civil war came to a close on March 28, 1939, on which date Madrid surrendered. Azaña, the Republican President, had resigned a month previously at the time when Britain and France recognized the Franco regime. On April 1, 1939 the United States also accorded formal recognition to the new Spanish Government and subsequently exchanged ambassadors. In June the Falangist Grand Council met with Franco at its head and began

legislating for reconstruction.

On August 10, 1939, just before war broke out in Europe, Franco announced himself Chief of the Government, Commander in Chief of the Army, Prime Minister and head of the Falange. Other Cabinet members were appointed. Progressively Franco assumed a more important position in the administration and began to respond to widespread pressure to reduce the influence of the fascist-orientated Falange in the Government. In July, 1945 a number of Falangist Cabinet members resigned and Franco replaced them and other ministers with men he considered more acceptable at home and abroad.

Last winter the UN General Assembly censured the dictatorship of Franco, at a time when dictator Stalin had not yet shown his full hand. The effect has been to draw the Spanish people closer together, despite the dislike of many for abuses in the present regime. On January 25, 1947 an announcement was made from the Spanish embassy in Paris that amnesty would be granted all exiles returning within six months. Meanwhile rapprochement were going on between monarchists and republicans, but without notable success. The republican government-in-exile reached a crisis on January 28, when Dr. José Giral resigned as premier, to be succeeded after an interval by Rudolfo Llopis, who found the formation of a representative Cabinet a difficult task.

Monarchists within Spain had been growing bolder during the winter months and began to show more opposition to Franco supporters. Franco revived talk of restoring the monarchy. In February the brother and sister of Don Juan were greeted at the Madrid airport by an enthusiastic crowd. On March 31, realizing that the monarchists must be taken into account, Franco proclaimed a proposed bill establishing the law of succession. Franco would rule for life and would name his successor, who must be a Catholic and must swear to uphold the Franco laws. Spain itself was declared a social and Catholic monarchy.

The monarchists fell for the bait and began quarreling among themselves, each group proposing its own candidate or else coming out in opposition to the Franco decree. From Lisbon Don Juan, long considered the logical candidate, repudiated the succession bill on April 7, advised by Gil Robles and Pedro Saenz Rodriguez. Subsequently rumors began to spread that Franco was seriously considering Carlos VIII, an obscure Carlist heir. Anti-Carlist monarchists within Spain itself are opposed to such a move and have said so publicly.

Franco has profited by the situation. The people are apparently on his side, in the sense that they realize the alternative would most likely be civil war, especially in view of the evident weakness of the government-in-exile. Domestic monarchist opponents are now divided and the foreign situation is definitely unsettled. It is as good a time as any for a popular vote of confidence. Hence the talk of a referendum in the near future.

If Franco wishes really to show himself willing to abide by the popular will, he will give full opportunity for opposition groups to express themselves between now and the time of the referendum.

For a positive refugee policy

W. Dushnyck and W. J. Gibbons

Walter Dushnyck and Father William J. Gibbons have made an exhaustive study of the problems of displaced persons and other refugees, and have worked directly, during the past year, with various national organizations caring for these unfortunates.

The Soviet Union's march on Western Europe, dramatically exemplified by recent events in Hungary and Bulgaria, places European unrepatriable refugees in a position of added peril. Should communist *coups d'état* take place in Austria, Italy or France, nothing would stand between many of them and surrender to the Soviet power which they dread.

Behind the reluctance and fear of unrepatriables to return to their countries is the prospect of entrusting themselves to the mercies of totalitarian regimes. Even the most guiltless of the DP's who have hesitated or refused to go home are open to suspicion and persecution because Soviet law does not recognize the right of its citizens to flee their country.

Yet many Americans, some in influential positions, still fail to understand the danger these people face if we do not protect them and help them get established elsewhere. On June 4, for example, Major General Rooks, UNRRA Director, asserted in a press conference that "although 7,000,000 persons have been repatriated since the end of the war, not one substantiated incident of persecution has come to my attention." The General's sincerity is above question, especially in view of the excellent humanitarian work done by his organization in fields other than repatriation, but we cannot help wondering if his intelligence sources are adequate or above suspicion.

The Director General of UNRRA further went on to impugn the motives of those concerned about the treatment of refugees who have incurred the enmity of the Soviets through opposition to communist totalitarianism. Specifically, General Rooks condemned the Refugee Defense Committee as a political rather than a humanitarian organization. This condemnation was certainly ill advised.

Of course, the Refugee Defense Committee does not approve the Soviet aggression in the Baltic or its indecent domination of politically mature peoples. How could it, when the United States and numerous other governments still regard the Soviet *coups* in the refugees' homelands as unjustified and unjustifiable? Is it "political" to insist on the moral law and the rights of human beings?

The least that can be expected of a humanitarian organization like UNRRA, even within its confused international terms of reference, is that it be objective and unprejudiced. Certainly it would not wish to deny the press the right to investigate facts and situations which may be kept from the attention of UNRRA's many selfless workers through the skill of infiltrated fellow-travellers.

The operational policies of UNRRA must not be allowed to carry over into the International Refugee Or-

ganization. We do not refer to the simple housing, feeding and care of refugees, which functions it is hoped IRO will be fully prepared to take over when UNRRA leaves off, but rather to the policy regarding repatriation.

Understandably, even the most sincere UNRRA officials were in a difficult position. They had no authority or facilities to resettle DP's and could not undertake to harbor them indefinitely. Even democratic countries abroad had erected immigration barriers against refugees which amounted to denial of the right of asylum.

Nevertheless, UNRRA's official position merits investigation. Light is thrown on the matter by Mr. Paul Edwards, UNRRA director for the American zone of Germany. The *Stars and Stripes* for May 15, 1947, carried an article by Richard S. Clark in which Mr. Edwards is quoted as follows:

We agree with the Russians. We support their claims. These anti-repatriation groups are not the product of democratic processes but are rather the remnants of prewar regimes that reflect nazi and fascist concepts.

This is reminiscent of Mr. Andrei Vishinsky's charges at the United Nations General Assembly that all refugees unwilling to return to Eastern Europe are "fascists and war criminals." As Deputy Foreign Minister, Mr. Vishinsky is well informed on the Party line and undoubtedly could explain the democratic processes behind the latest Soviet *coups*, which are making new refugees of anti-totalitarians.

The UNRRA section in charge of displaced persons carried out wholeheartedly a repatriation drive, cynically labeled "Operation Carrot." Crystallized in Administrative Order No. 199, it brought moral and psychological pressure upon those unwilling to return. The policy was based upon USFET Letter AG 383.7 GEC-AGED, 4 January 1946, "Repatriation of Soviet Citizens Subject to Repatriation under the Yalta Agreement." The document read:

It is the policy of the Government of the United States, pursuant to the Agreement with the Soviet Union at Yalta, to facilitate the early repatriation of Soviet citizens remaining in the U. S. Zone of Germany to the Soviet Union. In the execution of the policy you will be guided by the instructions which follow: . . .

2. Every effort should be made to facilitate repatriation of persons who were both citizens and actually present within the Soviet Union on 1 Sept. 1939 . . . with respect to these persons you will: . . .

b) Take such practical steps as you may deem appropriate to minimize the development of organized resistance to repatriation, such as the segregation of known leaders of resistance groups. . . .

Although it is true that the one responsible for Adminis-

trative Order No. 199, namely J. H. Whiting, was subsequently replaced by Paul Edwards, the effects of the policy behind "Operation Carrot" are still deeply felt by thousands of refugees. It provided for the outright suppression of anything that might be termed anti-repatriation propaganda; the isolation of anti-repatriation leaders; the transmission to Soviet authorities of names of actual and supposed Soviet citizens and the opening of the DP camps to Soviet liaison officers. Finally, the document provided for distribution of "Soviet proclamations, literature, films and newspapers" and a summary punishment of "any act of disorder, violence or insult towards Soviet officers." Our own State Department made official representation to UNRRA regarding certain provisions of Order 199.

There is no question that UNRRA has performed a great humanitarian service in many fields. Yet the following criticisms of its refugee repatriation policy are upheld by available evidence:

1. UNRRA as an international relief agency relatively early became the instrument of a Soviet-supported repatriation drive. It took the Soviet totalitarian view of human rights, despite the fact that Western nations providing the financial support had different intentions. Soviet sympathizers, and apparently Soviet agents, found UNRRA activities a convenient cloak for their own designs.

2. In Italy UNRRA allowed itself to become an organization of political pressure to force Poles to make a political decision to which they are opposed. Assistance was denied unless Poles living in Rome presented themselves to officers of the Warsaw Government.

3. Lithuanian refugees in Rome were on occasion denied UNRRA assistance because they insisted on registering as Lithuanians rather than Soviet citizens.

4. Repatriation "commissars," with tacit UNRRA concurrence, were allowed to pick up refugees as Soviet citizens. The burden of disproving Soviet citizenship rested upon the shoulders of the one singled out.

5. Other forms of moral coercion included limitation of information, threats of cessation of UNRRA aid, and one-sided Soviet propaganda.

6. The provision of the Yalta Agreement calling for the return of Soviet citizens has been applied to the Ukrainians, with little discrimination made between those who did and those who did not belong to Soviet jurisdiction before the partition of Poland.

Without accusing UNRRA personnel themselves of resorting to forced repatriation—it should be recalled in fairness to them that they had to operate within the terms of their mandate and that the vast majority have been loyal and devoted workers—we should avoid being naive as to how the Soviets achieve repatriation of their "subjects." The following instances, which have been given press publicity, deserve some consideration.

On June 6, 1947 the New York *Times* published an appeal from displaced persons in Italy and also released information concerning the events at the Russian POW camp at Rimini. It seems a number of Russian prisoners committed suicide rather than return to the Soviet. Others

were killed or wounded in the encounter with British guards, who apparently were doing more than just "persuading" the Russians to return.

In France, traditionally recognized for loyalty to the principle of political asylum, it has been admitted that Soviet secret police operate displaced-persons camps. Special detachments of the MVD run the camp at Vauresson, near Paris. According to the French authorities, only those Russians are taken there who go voluntarily, but Russians residing habitually in France tell a different story, as do those escaped from the camp (see *New York Times*, June 5, 1947). No one has yet explained why the trains bearing these and other "voluntary" repatriates have to be so carefully guarded by Soviet agents.

In a document privately circulated, a Ukrainian girl tells what repatriation meant to her. But fifteen years old when the Germans took her for forced labor in 1942, she voluntarily went back to Dniepropetrovsk to join her family. She writes:

When I arrived at my native Dniepropetrovsk, I was assigned to a *kolhosp* (collective farm) under strict supervision of a communist foreman. . . . I was treated as if I were a criminal because I had been taken by the Germans. . . . One day, at the instigation of my communist patron, I was taken by a group of eight Soviet soldiers. . . . For two days I was maltreated, molested, raped. . . . I knew then that I could not live longer in my native country. . . . The new repatriates met even worse fates than myself. Most of them never saw their families or native villages, but were sent directly to Kazakhstan and Siberia. . . . I decided that my fatherland was a living hell in comparison with liberated France.

This and such like testimonies are not referred to with any intention of "slanderizing" UNRRA or its hard-working employees, but only to point out that in the USSR certain things are considered democratic procedures at which we of the

Western world are rightly shocked. To the Soviet totalitarian mind a slave-labor camp for political opponents is not "news" but a normal way of keeping the country unified. We would do well to remember that in the question of displaced persons, as in other items of business, we deal with a subtle power committed to the idea of a world communist state. It is bad enough to be unable to assist millions behind the Iron Curtain; it is unpardonable to be prejudiced in favor of sending innocent persons to dwell there.

In the matter of displaced persons the United States has a fresh opportunity to exert world leadership. Repeated communist agitation and *coup*s have bewildered us and may result in our trying to go in a variety of ways all at once without regard to consistency. At least let us think straight about the DP's. They need resettlement. They need protection.

There is and can be little objection to allowing DP's to repatriate who voluntarily elect to do so. But we may not, in the name of agreements with a nation which has



demonstrated inability to keep promises, put "pressure" upon persons unwilling to return. Latest reports from abroad indicate that in top administrative positions the real significance of repatriation is gradually being recognized. Recent instructions from zone headquarters in Germany insist that UNRRA personnel abstain from exerting pressure of any kind.

There is grave necessity at this time that everyone engaged in work with displaced persons understand the crisis that faces them. Field workers must be instructed and checked upon to see that abuses resulting from pro-Soviet orientation do not endanger refugees' rights. Those

in policy-making positions in our government should weigh carefully the significance of recent events in central Europe.

Needed most of all, to solve this tragic human problem, is a place of resettlement for the persecuted and fearful. It is hardly the time to talk of lengthy surveys on the subject of immigration. Rather quick, decisive action is needed now, to make it possible for at least some of the displaced to find a home in countries more removed from the Soviet sphere of influence. There is a close connection between our professed concern for human rights and the allowing of DP immigration.

Drafting a text of liberty

Robert A. Graham

The writing of a world bill of human rights began last week at Lake Success. "Historic moments" come by the carload in these critical times, but it is not being over-dramatic to see in this event a hopeful stage in our efforts to realize the ideals that put some sense and meaning into the war we just fought. At its last session, in March, the UN Social and Economic Council authorized a sub-committee of the Commission on Human Rights to prepare, on the basis of documentation supplied by the Secretariat, a preliminary draft of an International Bill of Human Rights. The Members asked to assign representatives were: Australia, Chile, China, France, Great Britain, Lebanon, the United States and the USSR. It was this group which met June 9 at the United Nations headquarters.

It may surprise some to learn that the Human Rights Commission has not yet produced even a rough draft of a bill of human rights, although it was organized a year ago. This delay is not due to a shortage of ideas, or to the disinterest of the public or even to political difficulties. It is rather explained by an embarrassment of riches and the growing dismay on the part of the Commission at realizing the magnitude of the scope of its work. If you found that you were expected to incorporate into a simple declaration all the highest aspirations of the whole world and to express these ideals in unmistakable and inspiring language, you would go slow too. The Barons of Runnymede, and even Thomas Jefferson and his fellows, had an easier job than is being faced by the eight men at Lake Success.

The idea of a bill of rights, to do for the whole world what Magna Carta, the Declaration of Independence and other historic declarations did for their own countries, has grown gradually in the last quarter-century and longer (Cf. "An International Bill of Human Rights," by Tibor Payzs, AMERICA, March 1, 1947). The sub-committee must now produce a text that is idealistic enough to make an appeal to the conscience of the world, clear enough to have the same meaning for all people of

Father Robert A. Graham, S.J., has followed the work of the United Nations closely since its inception. He was present at the draft meeting of the Charter in San Francisco, attended the sessions in London, and visits regularly the sessions now held at Lake Success.

this wide world of diversified cultures, and specific enough to afford a basis of action by governments. It is not entirely a job for lawyers or diplomats. As one of their own number, Charles Malik of Lebanon, has said: "If only jurists and politicians and diplomats work out this bill, I am afraid it will come out a distorted thing." It goes without saying that if the group deliberately closes its ears to what religious conceptions can contribute, the bill will come out not simply distorted but futile and meaningless.

What will go into the proposed bill? The contemporary sources are of course the Atlantic Charter and the Four Freedoms, along with the Charter of the United Nations. The United States delegation, headed by Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, has suggested four categories of rights: personal rights, procedural rights, political rights and social rights. By the last is understood the right to enjoy minimum standards of economic, social and cultural well-being. Another classification, suggested by India, divides the proposed bill into three sections, dealing respectively with principles of liberty, equality and security. The adequacy of these categories may be open to discussion, but they are sufficient to indicate the broadening scope of human rights. It is not without significance that we now speak of "human rights" rather than "rights of man." The trend in modern times has been to recognize the importance of man as a social as well as a political being.

A rather representative expression of the new light in which the human person is regarded was given by the Belgian delegate, Roland Lebeau, during the last session of the Commission. He said:

Our interpretation of this word "human being" is different from the meaning that was given to it by the eighteenth-century philosophers. In that century the human person was the individual, whereas in our opinion the human being nowadays is the person who participates in the normal life and existence of society. To us, I think, a fairly apt illustration is that we do not consider nowadays that human beings, individuals, should be a series of Robinson

Crusoes, each enclosed on his own little island; but they should all be taking part in the general life of human society. We consider that the purpose of social organization—that is, the purpose of these rights which we wish to proclaim—is the possibility of the development of the personality within the general framework of society.

M. Lebeau was not, of course, speaking for the whole Commission, and his words were in fact uttered in contradiction to views previously expressed by the Yugoslav representative, Mr. V. Ribnikar. His words were fairly illustrative of the general tone of the discussions of the Commission at that time. One day a newspaperman was heard complaining to a fellow journalist: "They spent all morning arguing about philosophy!" It is quite obvious that a good deal of philosophizing and moralizing about man and his destiny is necessary before a bill of human rights can be drawn up. Our present drafting committee will no doubt try to be practical, as the group must report a document to the parent Commission at Geneva in August. They will therefore try—as much as possible—to avoid all but the necessary minimum of philosophizing.

Whether they can succeed in keeping out "theoretical" discussions may be doubted, however. The lines have already begun to be drawn. The Soviet representative, Mr. V. F. Tepliakov, one day during the sessions of the full Commission last Spring, startled his colleagues by moving to delete consideration of the "right to life." But it was left to satellite Yugoslavia to state the case for communism. On January 31 Mr. Ribnikar argued that the modern problem is not to protect the individual but to protect the collectivity. Liberty, he said, is the perfect harmony between the individual and society. This is accomplished through two principles, he said. These are: 1) the identity of the interests of society and the individual, and 2) the identity of the rights of the individual with those of society. He added that society comes first. He was promptly challenged by Malik, who said that the Yugoslav's views were straight out of the German philosopher Hegel, almost word for word. For his part, said the Lebanese delegate, the state was for the individual, and not the reverse. And in her newspaper column reporting that day's work, Mrs. Roosevelt commented euphemistically: "I am afraid that the views of the Yugoslav delegate will be very difficult to reconcile with the views entertained by a majority of the other members of the Commission." In passing, it is rather interesting to note this reminder that the philosophical sources of Marxism are not Russian, but European—and Hegelian at that.

In view of this sharp division of basic philosophy within the Commission itself, the smaller drafting group is faced with a special problem of tactics. In drafting a text for a bill of rights, should they necessarily try to adopt only those provisions which will be acceptable to the representatives of the communist mode of looking on liberty? In his recent brochure entitled "Defend These Human Rights," and published by America Press, the British Catholic writer John Eppstein, who recently lectured in the United States, has expressed himself strong-

ly against watering-down the international bill of rights as the price of Soviet acceptance. "To start with the proposition," he says, "that any declaration or convention upon human rights must necessarily be something which Russian communism can accept is to condemn such a measure to sterility." It is better, he thinks, that a declaration of this kind should be signed only by governments that mean to keep it and that are sustained in the signing and the keeping of it by an alert public opinion at home. What can happen has already been exemplified in the case of the International Refugee Organization. When the drafting of the constitution was under way, the Soviet delegate strove throughout tedious sessions to minimize the rights of the refugees. Then, when the time came for the organizing conference, he failed to join. Following this pattern, the Soviet Union could be successful in debilitating a bill of rights which it quite possibly never intended to sign anyway.

The present sub-committee is directed to use the documentation prepared by the UN Secretariat, whose Human Rights Division is headed by a former Canadian law professor, John P. Humphrey. Several draft bills of human rights have already been laid before the Commission. On the official or semi-official plane are those submitted by Great Britain, by Panama, by Cuba and by the Inter-American Juridical Committee. The Panamanian draft is identical with that drawn up by the American Law Institute. The Commission to Study the Organization of Peace and the AFL have submitted drafts. And on February 2, the National Catholic Welfare Conference submitted a draft declaration of rights drawn up by a specially appointed committee.



The NCWC draft evoked several comments from the members of the Commission at the time. Special note was taken of the fact that this draft devotes a section to the rights of the family. Mr. Lebeau, already mentioned, took occasion to remark that the modern industrial age has tended to submerge the human being. In his opinion we need to protect the human being not merely from the domination of the collectivity or of the masses or of the state, but also against the over-development of industrial life in which the human being finds himself completely crushed. He rejoiced to find these matters and indigencies mentioned in the Catholic draft, beginning with the right to marry, to establish a home and to beget children.

Mr. Lebeau is not, unfortunately, present at these meetings to push the cause of the family, as Belgium is not on the drafting committee. More than one critique of the present mode of thinking on human rights has criticized the neglect of the rights of the family. It is as though there were no intermediate unit between the individual and the state. It is true that some of those who have spoken for the record feel with Mr. Malik, who declared: "The human person has other loyalties than

those to the state. He has loyalty to his family, his religion, his profession, to science and truth." Most framing committees of current official and private drafts are willing enough to provide for religious freedom in that vague formula that has come to mean so much and so little. At the same time they do not lift a finger to protect and support the home, which is the cradle of virtue and love.

Fortunately for itself, the current drafting subcommission is not faced with the further and formidable

problem of implementation. Obviously an International Bill of Human Rights is of no value if unimplemented; and governments cannot be counted on to carry out spontaneously any program whose essential purpose is to limit the power of governments. This is a bridge to be crossed later. The immediate task is to prepare the best possible text. When the drafting group's work is done, there will be time for all sections of the public to weigh it in the balance and, where necessary, to insist on changes.

Ensign Richard

Joseph T. Nolan

Joseph T. Nolan, known to AMERICA readers through his earlier articles on the beginnings of liturgy and his experiences in the Catholic Philippines, was graduated from Boston College in 1942. Mr. Nolan is now living in New York.

There was one hundred thousand dollars in the bag in Richard's left hand the day he fell into Manila Harbor. There was a new silk kimono, one of the PX imports from China, in his other hand; and when he slipped on the oily pier in stepping to meet the officers' launch he buried the kimono into the boat just as he went over. It was real presence of mind. We fished him out a few minutes later and the money was still dry, even if he wasn't.

All this before a crew of the ship's enlisted men might seem rather damaging to a young naval ensign's dignity, but Richard had a dignity that did not come from colorless propriety. Officially he was the ship's junior supply officer, and his duties included a twice-monthly mission to fetch the payroll. He was also a black-haired, vibrant young Frenchman, smaller than the shortest seaman in all the bulky division that was assigned to his general care. The State university had never removed the French accent from the tail end of his English words, and the dead hand of accounting studies had never depressed him for long. He sparkled with life—and the spark was like a contagion.

His men used to call him the little "padre" when he told them after his first week's acquaintance that he noticed a lot of Irish and Italian names on the roster, and it wouldn't hurt them and the other Catholics whose names didn't give them away to go to the daily Mass on shipboard—and he kidded them into going, as time went on, because he himself went and because he made them think, at the same time that he made them laugh, of the state of their seafaring souls.

Among the officers he was a sort of holy tocsin, waking the fervent for Mass every day and hugely extending the list on First Fridays. Of course he was sized up as a fugitive from a seminary, which is a curiously myopic view taken of any layman who goes occasionally to an extra Mass or puts a supernatural curve in the conversation.

An old Navy tradition about conversation in the officers' wardroom excludes the subjects of women, politics and religion; we had kept the third one pretty well until Richard came along. (Chesterton once said of all

three that, good Lord, they were the only things worth talking about.)

It was true he had once wanted to be a priest—when he was an altar boy at the age of six. "How did you reach up to change the Mass book?" I asked, and he grinned. "My brother did that; he was seven! We used to 'play Mass' on rainy days at home. One day it was my turn to be the priest, and I married my brother to the little girl from the next farm, who was seven, too. She was draped in mosquito netting with a beautiful veil of old lace-curtains, which we borrowed from my mother without telling her why. We were too young to be irreverent and, when I think of it now, it was good that we liked to play at those things.

"The priest only came on Sundays to our chapel; it was part of a circuit he covered. But we prayed more often than Sundays! We always said the Rosary after supper, fifteen decades in October and May. And it was fifteen instead of five when some one was sick, fifteen in thanksgiving if they got better, or fifteen for the repose of the soul if they died. You couldn't win, my brother said! Sometimes we had to pray for rain, and other times to please, God, stop raining! When I left home mother told me to say the Rosary at night even if I fell asleep saying it, because the angels always finish it for you, you know."

He had found a girl before ever leaving home for the world and the Navy, and he thought enough of her to fling that silk kimono into the launch instead of the whole ship's payroll. They were engaged; they had agreed on a family of ten children, more or less, and his enthusiasm for creating a family was a real and heartening thing. It was an old-fashioned idea once to have a big family, with surely a priest among them, and always the chance of a saint for God. There was another French couple, Louis and Zélie Martin, who once had that holy ambition. God gave them nine, and then took back four as Carmelites. But then He gave one of these to the whole world, the one named Therese, whom we call the Little Flower.

Richard knew whereof he talked; he was one of ten children and he knew the pain that furrowed the heart

with so many to love and be hurt for. They were farmers, his people, in a jaded part of the country, mostly Catholics and poor. He gave a new balance to my academic enthusiasm for life on the land, which had grown out of a course on Catholic sociology and the problem, unanswered in the classroom, of how to restore a vigorous Christian life in the great cities and industrial society of today.

"When did you first learn to milk a cow?" I asked once, and he laughed, because he could no more remember that than when he first began to walk. "And we never used machines either. You know, you have to be good to a cow if you want all her milk—you have to stroke her and talk to her and use the same approach every day. Cows aren't machines and you can't treat them like machines."

"I remember how hard it was," he went on. "Especially when I read those books of yours about a flight from the cities and what you say about home and a homestead. I guess we had that, all right, but it wasn't easy by any means."

"Take the way you get ready to heat the house. You start some days at five, and hitch the team and start out for the swamp to cut wood. Before you begin you have to build a smudge-fire and smoke out the mosquitoes so you can work there—they are that thick. You can hit five hundred of them just with one swipe through the air. They get in your ears and eyes, and then the smoke gets in your eyes and stings and is almost as bad. You have to bring your drinking water, and one morning the pail fell off the back of the team. It was too far to go back, so we chopped the whole morning without any water. And Joe, the sweat just streams away from you, even with frost on the ground. Sometimes it's so hard you just sit down on a log and wonder why you were ever born."

"Nothing goes according to your plans; you can't plan for a single day on the farm without something going wrong. Lots of mornings we would start out saying we would do this and do that—like the morning we were going to hitch up and bring in our two loads of hay, which was all the feed we would have for the cow that winter. We spent a long time loading that hay; you don't pitch hay on a truck as if it were sand and gravel. Anyway, we started out and one of the loads fell off and fell apart. We didn't have time to load it up again right then, because it looked like rain, and that would ruin them both. So we drove in and put the one load in the barn. Then it did rain; so that just about ruined the load spilled out on the ground. Then some fool threw a cigarette in the barn a little while afterwards and burned up the barn and the hay in it. We were lucky even to get the animals out alive."

"Then there was the time I came in from a whole day of onion-picking. When you do that all day your back feels as if it was bent like a horseshoe, because you bend that way pulling onions out of the ground. You ache and are so tired you can hardly straighten up. But that's okay, because it's good work, and onions are good. When I hit the sack at last after the Rosary, I was ready to

sleep it away; but that was the night that Rex had an earache and cried all night. In the morning, at 4:30 when mother called me, I wanted to stay in bed more than anything in the world; but we didn't have any fire wood so she could light the stove, and I had to go out and cut it. It was worse on her—she had sat up with Rex all night, saying her Rosary and rocking him; and then she had all her day's work ahead. That big wood stove, it doesn't have regulated heat like a gas and electric stove where you switch something on. You once get it going and it makes the whole kitchen a stove. Now, as I said, nothing goes according to plan on a farm. I had hitched the mule to bring in the wood and after cutting it we were coming back. The cart bumped down in a hollow in the road and the traces broke and the mule ran away. So there we didn't have wood at the house, no sleep the night before, and no work that day, because it took us so long to chase after that mule, and find out where he'd run off to.

"But I remember other things—how we never got tired looking at the fields because they were never the same. Like the fruit trees—they would be heavy with fruit in summer, and then the leaves turned color with the frost. They would catch a whole cloud of snow sometimes in winter, and when we got tired of ice and cold the green shoots would begin to push through. We knew the trees all year round; we used to pick the fruit, look for the prettiest leaves, shake the snow down on each other, and wait in April for the time when we would see the first green bud."

"We were poor but we ate better than you rich! Why the tomatoes you buy in the stores—when we were kids we threw better ones than those just to make a fellow duck! You eat the corn that we send East; we call it field corn at home, and we grow sweet corn for ourselves. Take something like strawberries and cream. I never thought that was a luxury—just a lot of work that you have to do toward bringing the strawberry patch around."

We drove on in silence. I was thinking of the Catholic land that should be sown in our time with people like Richard, and others, too, from the cliff-houses of the Bronx, the birth-control apartments, the ugly canyons of Chicago. There would be no flight from the cities, and no Arcadia loomed in the country, to be sure. But a few more families, a few who would lessen the urban stockpiles, could seek a new life with something of integrity, that lost estate where all things are whole in Christ. How better can the family grow and the liturgy unfold? It is no longer romantic to talk of life on the land—the new industrial targets have changed all that. But it is no longer feasible for most of us—because it is a hard life, and we are too deep in the armchairs, too velvet-cushioned from reality.

"And how about you?" I started to think out loud. "Where are you going to settle down, now that you know accounting and know something about what New York City is like?"

"Me—on a farm, of course! Where else do you think I could feed ten kids?"

Bernardine Realini: Renaissance man

Francis Sweeney, S.J.

Francis Sweeney, S.J., at present a theologian at Weston College, was editor of *The Purple* while a student at Holy Cross. A long-time resident of Lenox, Mass., Mr. Sweeney has had several poems on Berkshire scenes published in *AMERICA*, *Spirit*, and the *New York Times*.

"Had I been Pope," St. Robert Bellarmine used to say, "I would have proclaimed Father Realini a Blessed immediately after his death." Yet nearly three centuries passed before the holy old gentleman of Lecce became Blessed Bernardine, and fifty years more before all the complex process of inquiry had been completed and the Church prepared to proclaim him Saint—for Italy and the world, and first and forever for Lecce and the little forgotten towns of Apulia.

The long lifetime of St. Bernardine Realini spans the turbulent magnificence of the High Renaissance. He was born in 1530, the year that Charles V was crowned at Bologna, the last sovereign of the Holy Roman Empire to be crowned by a Pope. He died in 1616, three weeks before the death of Shakespeare. He was on familiar terms with Louis Castelvetro, the humanist; with Pope Gregory XIV, St. Charles Borromeo, Francis Suarez and St. Robert Bellarmine.

At Modena and Bologna, he moved with confidence and gaiety through the pageantry of Renaissance university life, a golden young man of promise, with powerful friends like the d'Este princes and Cardinal Madiucci of Trent. As a *littérateur* he attained a modicum of fame which still merits mention in histories of Italian literature. He had made his translations from Latin and Greek, edited the poems of Bembo and Petrarch and composed two volumes of Latin and Italian verse. He gestured in the academies, while he exchanged amorous sonnets with a lady to whom his biographers attribute a frightening array of intellectual and supernatural gifts. And he was banished from the Duchy of Modena for wounding an enemy in a sword brawl.

After he had taken his doctorate in canon and civil law he served as mayor of two small cities under the Spanish overlords of Milan, and he came to Naples in the employ of the powerful Marquis of Pescara.

When the brilliant young man became a Jesuit at the age of thirty-four, it was not so much a reversal of his career as the clarification of an ideal he had been glimpsing dimly since boyhood. He labored for ten years in teeming, poverty-haunted Naples, and when scarcely more than a novice himself he was made master of novices. He went to Lecce in 1574, and never left the city until his death in 1616.

Bernardine Realini became an institution in Lecce, an object of pilgrimage and a living relic. He gave himself up completely to the service of the people, and they responded with an affection that was little less than persecution. They would summon him at all hours of the day or night to comfort the dying, to settle feuds or to listen to the unending files of penitents. The citizens appropriated his belongings for relics and cut pieces from his cassock as he sat in his confessional. When he

was too ill to walk to the church or to be carried, they poured into his room. The General of the Jesuits made repeated efforts to remove him to employment which would be less of a crucifixion, but the Lecce city council made it a criminal offense to give him any assistance in leaving the city. When he died, the municipal authorities petitioned the Holy See to proceed immediately to his canonization, and gave him one of the most disorderly funerals a saint ever had.

Bernardine's canonization, then, is a triumph for Lecce. In the sixteenth century it was a pushy, raucous little city in the middle of the heel of the great cavalry boot that is the Italian peninsula. The hearty, generous, quarrelsome Lecceans were raising the Renaissance buildings that still stand amid the scattered detritus of Mussulman and Norman passage. The bourgeoisie indulged in the fashionable literary pastimes, and founded one of the first academies in Italy. When they heard of the work of the Jesuits in Naples, they impulsively invited them to Lecce, and then shortly afterwards, as a result of a dispute between rival factions, the city council forbade the Jesuits ever to set foot in their streets.

Soon that hot-headed decree was rescinded, and the invitation to the new Order was made again. In December of 1574, Realini came down on horseback from Naples, jolting over the three hundred kilometers of rough roads in one exhausting week. Outside the city, the council, the nobility and the gentry—all in Lecce who owned a horse—were waiting to give him a tumultuous and hearty welcome.

The weary priest was handed into a carriage; the procession clattered off, the ladies' plumes nodding, the gentlemen bowing to friends in balconies. They paraded him through the principal streets and finally left him at the door of the house that had been procured for him, where he lived as a piece of public property, available for everyone's use, like a milestone or a bridge. Public property he was for forty-two years, and even beyond the grave: one of the miracles cited for his canonization was the cure of a woman dying of meningitis in 1938.

Whatever opposition to the Jesuits remained in Lecce melted speedily in the sunlight of Bernardine's charm. He wore the cassock of a poor priest instead of the silk doublet and hose and sword of a courtier of the d'Este household; yet he was still a courtly gentleman to his finger ends. Some of the comments on politeness in his notebooks read like pages from Chesterfield.

The enchanted Lecceans showered him with gifts; they

gave him a church and built him a college and then a larger church; and they subscribed munificently for the charitable works that grew under his hands. He was made rector of the college; and the happiness of the community under his governance became so famous that the Provincial of Naples was besieged by requests for transfer to Lecce.

During the years Bernardine became literally the servant of the entire city. He visited the prisons each day, often spending several hours with the inmates; next he visited the hospitals, devoting most of his time to the dying. This particular charity induced large numbers to choose him as their spiritual director.

Each Sunday he preached in the cathedral; one day each week he lectured to the clergy of the city on moral theology. Twice a week he taught catechism to the children. He was especially interested in the welfare of the Mohammedan slaves who had been captured from Turkish galleys. He founded seven sodalities of the Blessed Virgin for various classes of people, including one for priests. The most famous of these was the Nobles' Sodality, which devoted itself to the service of the destitute. Frequently crowds gathered to see the city's Four Hundred waiting at table and washing pots at the dinners given for the poor.

In all this, St. Bernardine realized the danger of smugness, but he knew also the value of bridging the gulf between the blithe opulence of the nobility and the corrosive want of the slum dwellers.

From the beginning, the Saint's greatest work lay in the confessional. Here penitents flocked to him from all

parts of Italy—dukes and fish-peddlers, muleteers and bishops; and everyone was heard with a courtesy and gentleness that kindled courage and gave fresh vision of the incredible mercy of God. As confessor, Bernardine enforced strict equality in the lines of penitents waiting to be absolved—a perfumed marquis might have to cool his heels while a foot soldier from the garrison at Bari was making his annual confession to the holy man of Lecce.

When Bernardine reached his eighty-sixth year, he felt that his death was near. The news went out from the city on all the wings of rumor. From Rome his old friend, St. Robert Bellarmine, sent him a message asking that he prepare a place for him in heaven. Realini replied: "Tell His Eminence that I shall faithfully carry out his wishes."

As the gentle saint grew weaker, all Lecce came to say farewell. The rector of the college would have liked to give him a few peaceful hours at the end of that crowded life, but what could he do when the Viceroy called to ask a final blessing, when the cathedral chapter and the bishop in full pontificals came to kiss his hand; when the city council and the mayor in his scarlet gown and gold chain trooped into the sickroom to ask him to be the city's protector in heaven?

As the crowds grew dense in the street before the college, and the soldiers stood guard at the doors, and his Jesuit brethren knelt around his bed, Bernardine Realini cried: "*O Madonna mia santissima!*"—and kissed his crucifix and died. It was the hour of vespers of the Feast of the Visitation, 1616.

Literature & Art

Villon revindicated

Pierre Messiaen

Paris has just seen the publication of the complete works of Villon, edited with preface, notes, commentaries and glossary by the author of this article. At our request, he offers here an introduction to Villon as a Catholic poet.

François Villon is the great poet of the French Middle Ages. He was born in 1431, but the date of his death is unknown. One cannot forget that he was an incorrigible sinner—a thief, a burglar, a highway robber, a murderer three times sentenced to death. His story is that of a child of a poor family, a fatherless orphan brought up by a saintly mother and a saintly priest, the good canon Guillaume de Villon, from whom he took his literary name, for his own family name was François de Montcorbier.

Thanks to the good canon, the boy studied and took his degree at the Sorbonne, but turned into a ruffian instead of becoming a worthy priest or a decent scholar. An unfortunate love, a quarrel in which—in self defense

—he killed a blackguardly priest, a theft at the Collège de Navarre, combined to trip him into the gutter. There he associated with a gang of harlots, pickpockets, robbers and murderers (*les coquillarts*), who dressed like pilgrims and generally spoke a conventional, police-baffling slang.

Three of his friends, Colin de Cayent, Réguyer de Montguy and Guy Tabarie, were arrested, tried and hanged toward 1460.

Villon wandered from Paris to the countryside—from prison to wayfaring; was several times all but hanged, sued for his life and obtained pardon from King Charles VII, from King Louis XI, from Charles d'Orléans, from the Duke of Bourbon, but not from Thibault d'Aussiguy,

the Bishop of Orléans, nor from François Perrebanc, a royal notary.

Meanwhile, Villon was not only a malefactor; he was also a man of letters. He composed poems which became famous almost immediately, and collected them into three volumes: *The Legacy* (1456), *The Testament* (1461), and a book of detached pieces. Besides, he wrote a burlesque novel, *Le Pet-au-Diable*, now lost, and a collection of *coquillart*-slang ballads, so far not well elucidated despite much exhaustive research by experts in the history of the language.

Nobody has been able to discover what happened to him after 1463. Did he die as a penitent in some monastery, or of cold and hunger on the wayside? Was he murdered by the *coquillarts* or put to death by the police? His glory was great in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, practically blotted out during the classical period, magnificently revived with the poetic renaissance of romanticism. He is now considered as one of the ten or so greatest French lyrical poets and he ranks high indeed among that number.

Why was he a malefactor? If we believe him, it was because he was a poor, hungry, thin, dark-haired, foolish youth, despised by honorable women:

Hé Dieu! si j'eusse étudié
Au temps de ma jeunesse folle
Et à bonnes moeurs dédié
J'eusse maison et couche molle.

Mais quoi! je fuyoit l'école
Comme fait le mauvais enfant;
En écrivant cette parole
A peu que le cœur ne me fend!

(Alas, O Lord, if I had studied while I was a foolish youth and given myself to good manners, I would have a home and a soft bed. But what did I do? I played truant from school, just like a bad boy—as I write these words, my heart nearly breaks.)

Nowadays everybody loves and defends Villon; but people do not agree in their love and admiration. Some look upon him as satirist and humorist as eminent as Rabelais and Voltaire; others (and I beg to be among them) taking into account the most beautiful flowers of his poetry—such as *La Complainte de Jeunesse Perdue*, *Les Regrets de la Belle Héraumière*, *La Ballade des Dames du Temps Jadis*, *Le Carnier des Innocents*, *La Ballade de Notre-Dame*, *L'Epitaphe Villon* and others—rank him with Baudelaire and Rimbaud as a supreme lyrical and Catholic poet.

The grotesque Swiftian humorist appears in *Les Regrets de la Belle Héraumière*, where the old shopwoman and her companions complain so loudly of the loss of their beauty that even Our Lord dare not argue with them:

Notre-Seigneur se tait tout coi
Car au tancer il le perdrat.

(Our Lord keeps very still, because he would lose the game if he argued.)

The lyrical and Catholic poet is obvious all through Villon's work. We have to go back to the Book of Job or to the monk of the *Dies Irae* to find such accents about the vanity of present life and the immense value of the life to come guaranteed by the Passion of Christ and the sorrows of the Virgin Mary:

Or sont-ils morts, Dieu ait leurs âmes!
Quant est de corps, ils sont pourris,
Aient été seigneurs ou dames
Souef et tendrement nourris
De crème, fromentés au riz;
Leurs os sont déclinés en poudre
Auxquels ne chant d'ébats ni ris.
Plaise au doux Jésus les absoudre!

Vous portâtes, Vierge, digne princesse,
Jésus régnant qui n'a ni fin ni cesse,
Le Tout-Puissant, prenant notre faiblesse,
Laissa les cieux et vint nous secourir,
Offrit à mort sa très chère jeunesse.
Notre-Seigneur tel est, tel le confesse.
En cette fois je veux vivre et mourir.

(Now, if they are dead, God has their souls! As for their bodies, they have rotted, though they were lords or ladies, sweetly and tenderly nurtured on cream and fattened on rice; their bones have resolved into powder; for them there is no song of frolic or laughter. May it please sweet Jesus to forgive them!)

You bore, Virgin, worthy princess, Jesus, who reigns without end, the All-Powerful, who took our weakness, left the heavens and comes to succor us and offers up to death his very dear young manhood. Such is our Saviour and so I acknowledge him. In this faith I will to live and die.)

The second stanza is a prayer supposed to be recited by the poet's mother, and the acrostics make up her name—Villone.

Like the good thief on the cross beside the Cross of Christ, François Villon, the highway robber, the murderer, commands his dying soul to God and to God's mother:

Premier, je donne ma pauvre âme
A la benoite Trinité
Et la commande à Notre-Dame,
Chambre de la Divinité.

(First, I give my poor soul to the Blessed Trinity and commend it to Our Lady, the chamber of the Divinity.)

God is the God of mercy, and His ways cannot be measured by our human standards. It is a curious fact that some of the greatest French Catholic poets—Villon, Baudelaire, Verlaine, Rimbaud—whose lives were far from virtuous, did keep in the heart of their hearts a thorough sense of Christian faith and Christian hope. There is more joy in the kingdom of heaven over the return of one black sheep than over the salvation of ninety-nine righteous Pharisees. Villon may have lived to repent his scandalous life; of that we do not know. But what we do know is the warmth and beauty of the faith that informs his greatest poetry.

Books

Franco at the bat

REPORT FROM SPAIN

By Emmet J. Hughes. Holt. 277p. \$3

Emmet J. Hughes, former director of publicity and information for the American Embassy in Madrid, and author of the very able book, *The Catholic Church and Liberal Society*, is strongly conscious of the complexity of Spanish issues:

Spain's political problems can neither be defined in epigrams, governed by axioms nor solved by syllogisms. The people's clamoring, compelling spirit of fierce individualism is only one source of the complexities that defy brisk, easy definition. . . . To reduce this political scene, or any part of it, to the shallow banalities of a "liberal" vs "reactionary" debate, with an Anglo-Saxon political vocabulary, only sacrifices the substance of political truth for the convenience of literary labels.

Mr. Hughes' *Report* is a severe indictment of the Franco regime: a study of its historical origins; a detailed analysis of the relationship of the regime with the Falangist movement, as well as with the Monarchy and the Monarchists; a description of the part played by the Church in the evolution of the Franco Government; an account of the methods employed by the regime towards those who differ with it, and of its style of propaganda; and a warning against a misconception in its regard. He very strongly believes that the United States and the Western Powers should do something about the situation. His criticisms, however, are in no way directed against the record established during the war by the United States Ambassador to Spain, the Honorable Carlton J. H. Hayes, for whose policies and integrity Mr. Hughes has unqualified admiration. Quite on the contrary, Mr. Hughes considers the two issues—that of the Spanish Government and that of United States war policy—as entirely distinct.

The evidences against the Government alleged by Mr. Hughes are detailed and shocking, as, for instance, the manner in which the Spanish *Seguridad* treats its prisoners. It is worth noting, however, that Mr. Hughes absolves the high officials of the Government from complicity in the worst

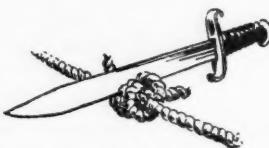
crimes he alleges against the state security police, "for the simple reason that they have remained ignorant of the facts" (p. 148). He doubts if even Franco has an exact knowledge of the price exacted for the "peace" which he extols. Such ignorance, however, he is not willing to excuse: "On the contrary, I doubt if any more savage commentary could be made upon the functioning of the totalitarian state in Spain" (*ibid.*).

Mr. Hughes, himself a Catholic in good standing, claims to speak in certain instances from close observation; in all, from certain knowledge. As he himself acknowledges, he writes from the standpoint of one who has had frequent tussles with the Government:

I find it impossible to write about the propaganda machine of the Spanish State with any dispassionate objectivity. My official work in Madrid demanded such constant conflict with it as to deprive me of that fine, broad perspective that can be enjoyed only at a certain distance from the object in view.

Nevertheless, the statements of a man of Mr. Hughes' caliber, conscious as he is of his possible bias, cannot be written off as irresponsible journalism.

"Norman MacDonald" (pseudonym), who writes of the contemporary Spanish scene in the April issue of *International Affairs* (Royal Institute of International Affairs, London), is more optimistic than Mr. Hughes concerning General Franco's intention to liberalize



his Government and less pessimistic as to the situation of the political prisoners. According to Hughes, the prisons are still filled with the latter; but according to MacDonald, "they [the dissenting elements in Spain] are now free, the prison population is down to normal."

One very evident difficulty lies in the nature of the times themselves. Today we cannot plot our course in Europe, or any other part of the world in isolation from the communist issue. We all know too well, as does Mr. Truman, that if the Communists had their full way in Europe, much that might be attributed to the *Seguridad* would be a mere tea-party compared with the enslavement which would ensue and which is already inflicted upon a large

sector of the world's population by the MVD and its chosen instruments.

Obviously the Spaniards are very much alive to the dominance of the communist issue and to the abnormal conditions it creates. Vivid memories of the late civil war attend to that. Mr. Hughes is likewise very much alive to the communist danger; so much so that his demand for action is based precisely upon the argument that organized communism is steadily growing in Spain, despite all the Government is doing to try to check it. In his opinion, the continuance of the present regime definitely adds to the growth of communism and plays into the hands of Russia. Hence, along with a common sharing of anti-communist feeling, there is a sharp contradiction between Mr. Hughes' interpretation and that of the Spanish supporters of the present regime. These latter have been telling us that a steady progress is actually being made toward the re-Christianizing and the de-communizing of the hostile elements in Spain.

In view of the very intense and actual concern which both Spaniards and Americans share on this vital point, here is a matter upon which we certainly need to know the truth if it is possible to obtain it.

The big question that broods over us here and now is not the abstract evaluation of the Franco or any other regime, but whether any action we might take would help or hinder us in our struggle to restrain growing totalitarianism and to save the world from slavery and chaos. Mr. Hughes sees only liabilities in the regime. But one would wish he had not been so content with a few broad assertions on the advance of communism in Spain and had taken the time and pains to go more thoroughly into this point.

The most dangerous element in the Spanish picture is the complete governmental control of labor and labor organizations. Aside from its inherent implications of totalitarianism, this is an extremely perilous proposition in the modern world, if the world's Christian workers are to build any sort of united resistance against the steady advance of Soviet penetration in the world trade-union movement. Mr. Hughes mentions this matter but does not enlarge upon it. He devotes, on the other hand, considerable space to the relations of Catholic Action in Spain to the Government. This has a disconcerting aspect, in view of the problem which the Church must face today in

other parts of the world. Nevertheless, Spanish Catholicism is endeavoring to win the disaffected in Spain to Christ: through religious instruction, through the sacraments, through the marvelous laymen's or workers' retreat movement carried on by the religious orders, and through a highly effective organization of charities.

Mr. Hughes' scrupulous effort to speak of Church and State relations objectively makes all the more comforting and reassuring his unqualified iteration of "the Spanish Hierarchy's refusal to embrace the [Falangist] party or publicly endorse its totalitarian gospel." On the contrary, the author avers, there has been persistent public conflict on ideological grounds between Church and Party. The truth emerges plainly that the Catholic Church in Spain, as everywhere else, is primarily interested in effective recognition of her independence within her legitimate ministerial and educational field. The regime is approved and supported (admittedly, the Spaniards being what they are, with some dangerously excessive heat) only in the measure that this independence is guaranteed. There is no shred of evidence that the Church is being used to bolster a totalitarian dictatorship, as is patently and painfully the case some thousand miles to the east. Mr. Hughes implies, on the other hand, that the Church is using the regime for her own ends, though here he seems especially embarrassed for material to establish this point. There is nothing particularly startling or sinister or unfamiliar to Catholics in his general charges of overriding dedication to institutional self-interest; a tough, prideful imperviousness to criticism; a profound suspicion of any intellectual inquisitiveness; a contempt for any kind of education that is not synonymous with indoctrination; sharp distrust and hostility toward any political or social movement, called "radical," "leftist" or "liberal"; and a respect that approaches reverence for power in any form.

These are the stock (and uncritical) charges leveled against the Church in all ages and climes. Even were they verified, in Spain or elsewhere, they provide no beginning of proof that the Church can have any truck with authentic totalitarianism either as an end or as a means. Incidentally, *Ecclesia* is not, as Mr. Hughes seems to think, a Jesuit magazine.

Mr. Hughes demolishes most of the easy rationalizations about Spain and

its supposed imminent break-up. He rejects the idea of the government-in-exile and sees that the Spaniards themselves must find their own solutions. The book is well written; it contains a wealth of interesting information, and should certainly stimulate discussion of the crucial matters in the Spanish situation. We possess with the Spaniards the language of a common Christian faith. If we speak that language long enough and loudly enough, there is hope that whatever now keeps Spain isolated from the rest of the world, to her detriment and ours, may yet be overcome before there is ultimate disaster. JOHN LAFARGE

No loving Langland

MOON GAFFNEY

By Harry Sylvester. Holt. 289p. \$2.75

Criticism of the lives and manners of the clergy and laity is an old tradition in Catholic letters. St. Catherine of Siena did not spare the Avignon Pope of her day; William Langland put all the orders of society in their place in his *Vision of Piers Plowman*. Mr. Sylvester, therefore, is no innovator when he pillories the Irish priests and laity of New York in his *Moon Gaffney*. But Mr. Sylvester, it must be said, is no Langland or Catherine of Siena.

It is not for the want of subject matter. I myself have had to listen to a political talk from a fellow priest while vesting for Mass; have been regaled in another sacristy with an obviously synthetic anti-Semitic war story; have, yet again, heard a pastor from the altar-steps—whence he should have been preaching the word of God—lament the fact that the country did not follow the advice of Father Coughlin and Colonel Lindbergh. And to speak of the laity, I have often been affronted in Catholic circles by remarks about Jews (less often about Negroes) which reflected neither intelligence nor Christian charity. And

AMERICA's correspondence files contain evidence of how far the taint of communism is associated in some Catholic minds with all progressive and liberal causes.

This is the stuff of which Mr. Sylvester has woven his story; the story of how Moon Gaffney, a rising young Irish politician, loses Tammany Hall and saves his soul. Around him the "good Catholic" Irish of New York defend Holy Mother Church and her stout ally, the Hall, against the Reds, whose sinister hand is evident in all trade-union activity and every protest against the evils of the *status quo*. Fathers Rhatigan, Malone and O'Driscoll drip unctimonious platitudes to excuse the peccadillos of the politicos who are such good friends of the Church. The whole Irish-Catholic milieu moves on a series of hates and has forgotten Christian love. On the other side of Moon is the little group of "rebels" and Catholic Workers, suspect of both clergy and laity as probably more than half-communist, doubtfully loyal to the Church.

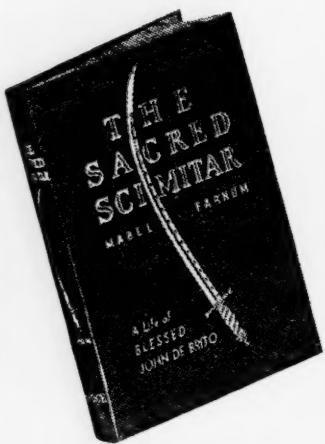
The pity is that Mr. Sylvester has not drawn his picture with more restraint, more balance and humor—would it be too harsh to say, with more charity? It is hard to escape the feeling that he has fallen into the pit which his characters have dug for themselves—hatred. Some of Bruce Marshall's curates may be crude and uncouth, narrow-minded, verging on the worldly, but they are men, and Bruce Marshall loves them. Fathers Rhatigan, Malone and O'Driscoll have no lovable trait; they were never conceived in Christian charity. In *Moon Gaffney*, the honor of the priesthood is redeemed only by a couple of brave and lonely Athanasiuses battling the world. Yet there are dozens of priests—and hundreds of lay men and women—in and around New York who are doing yeoman service for the Church and society in ACTU, in labor schools, in interracial work. Their labors are largely unsung, at least by Mr. Sylvester.

The author has adopted the "omniscient" standpoint. He enters the minds of all his characters to tell you their feelings and reactions. His story would have gained greatly had it been told from one standpoint, and if his characters talked less and did more. Some of the language and a few of the incidents have the appearance of having been put in to shock the bourgeoisie.

All in all, *Moon Gaffney* is an angry book; and anger is rarely fair to an



*The life of
John de Brito—
canonized
June 22*



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opponent. Least of all, will it convert him. But in *Moon Gaffney* there is little evidence that the author has any hope of the conversion of those whom he castigates. Not thus did the great Christian reformers scourge their people.

CHARLES KEENAN

Inside Germany

FOREST OF THE DEAD

By Ernst Wiechert. Greenberg. 135p. \$2.50

THE HIDDEN DAMAGE

By James Stern. Harcourt, Brace. 406p. \$4

Numerous books on experiences in concentration camps have been and are being published in Europe. Among them one of the most moving is that of Ernst Wiechert, which first appeared in Switzerland soon after Hitler's collapse, and is now translated for the American public. This description of the forest of the dead will rank with such works as Pellico's *My Prisons* or Dostoevsky's *Memoirs from a House of Death*. That is not surprising for those who have read the novels and stories of this East Prussian writer, and learned to admire their poetic character and symbolism, even when they could not accept their somewhat cloudy vitalistic-pantheistic mysticism.

Ernst Wiechert belongs among the most courageous men in the Third Reich. Observing the reign of inhumanity and injustice around him, he defied the regime by protesting against the burial of pastor Niemoeller in a concentration camp. That was a surprising and unexpected step; for Wiechert was completely unpolitical. He could, therefore, easily have retired to an ivory tower aloof from the sad imperfections of daily life. He was arrested and put in the camp at Buchenwald. Only after months did his family and some of his friends—many others conveniently forgot him—succeed in obtaining his release.

Wiechert tells his story in a simple, unpretentious way. It is the story of the humanity which cannot be destroyed even in a world of coolly calculated sadistic brutality. He remains a man above hate; he has only pity for those who were the instruments of torture. The average man—not the hero with extraordinary qualities—is in the center of his interest. Wiechert also remains a good German who, just because he loves his people, is ashamed

of what happens around him. Unforgettable is his account of how the Jews were systematically worked to death—they had no hope of escape and liberation. Wiechert was in Buchenwald before it entered its worst phase during World War II.

The book is not a systematic description of the methods of Nazi terror so classically described in Eugen Kogon's *SS State*, but it is a memorable testimony of an honest and decent man who writes "to the dead—in memory, to the living—in shame, to those to come—in warning."

There are too many books published today which simply amass subjective impressions of Germany. The volume of James Stern confirms that fact, despite some valuable reports—for instance, about one of the executed anti-Nazi students of Munich or about the resistance group of Kreissau with whom the executed Jesuit, Father Delp, was connected. But in general this skilfully written book contains nothing that one could not have read before.

Stern was sent to Germany during the Nazi collapse. He recounts his observations in Bavaria, Frankfurt, and also in wartime London and Paris. He tries to be as objective as possible. There are heroic Germans, and Germans who are very narrow-minded, and who continue to be the victims of their frustrations and of Goebbels' propaganda. But no over-all picture emerges. Stern gives only some flashes in the night. He has not the feeling for metaphysical issues which gives value to Spender's German impressions. The historian will approach Henk's story about the July conspiracy—printed as an appendix—with caution. On the whole: a well-meant book without lasting value.

WALDEMAR GURIAN

SPRING IN WASHINGTON

By Louis J. Halle, Jr. Sloane. 227p. \$3.75

It is heartening to know that there is a real human being, a poet, a philosopher of nature, among the huge, inhuman mechanisms of bureaucracy. From his desk in the State Department, on his long, roundabout bicycle journeys to and from work, on his excursions into Virginia and Maryland, Mr. Halle watches the ever-changing yet constant pageant of the seasons. Man, as he truly says, in his modern, mechanical existence, has lost contact with the universe of which he is a part, and with

the immutable order of external reality. We have built what he calls the artificial life of the hive about us, and because of this we are, in varying degrees, insane. We are slaves, having no true freedom, since we have lost all independence and are afraid of external nature rather than sustained by it. We have walled ourselves off from any relationship with ultimate reality, and are content to answer the question How? rather than Why?

For healing, Mr. Halle recommends, in beautifully-wrought prose, increased knowledge of nature; and gives us the concrete example of his own observations of tree, sky, flower and bird during one long and lovely spring in Washington and its environs. Mr. Halle is a keen observer, and his descriptions, as well as the excellent black-and-white illustrations by Francis L. Jacques, bring vividly before us the undreamed-of loveliness within and surrounding a large American city. Particularly effective for his thesis is his reporting of wild life in the very midst of the capital: one hundred and fifty vultures circle unnoticed over Connecticut Avenue; a clump of violets blooms in a crack in the paving of Rock Creek Parkway, "not planted by the United States Park Service"; a loon flies past the Capitol dome; a cormorant flies along Connecticut Avenue.

As natural philosophy, even at times natural theology, this book is beautiful, convincing, a tonic for an unnatural age. It is unfortunate that by implication at least Mr. Halle apparently relegates all human social living, and all of what he would no doubt refer to as "organized religion" to the despised "life of the hive." But if one is wary of these unhappy lacunae, common to so many of this school—one thinks of Thoreau—this book may be read with sheer delight for its beauty and wisdom, for its small but incisive contribution to our realization that the heavens show forth the glory of God.

JOSEPHINE NICHOLLS HUGHES

THE RED PRUSSIAN

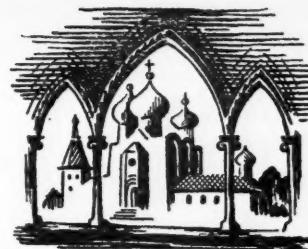
By Leopold Schwarzschild. Scribner's. 407p. \$4

Based in great part on the extant letters that Marx wrote to Engels, *The Red Prussian* is a biography of Marx which discloses many interesting sidelights on Marx the man. His letters show him to be egotistical, dishonest, a liar, a born intriguer who never hesi-

tated to persecute those with whom he differed—an intellectual bohemian who obtained a spurious doctorate from an equally dubious university. He never worked a day in his life, but he preferred to live off his wife and friends, and even off his enemies.

Marx was not always a communist. In 1843, at twenty-five years of age, he still abhorred socialism. He became editor of the *Rhenish Gazette* in that year, with the intention of "sweeping all the socialistic rubbish out of the house with a stiff broom," determined, furthermore, that "the smuggling in of communist and socialist dogmas [into the paper] would be impossible." At this time he could not grant "even theoretical validity to communist ideas," because he believed that the "undeniable collision between the have-nots and the middle class would be solved peaceably." These are Marx's own words.

Before he celebrated his twenty-sixth birthday, however, Marx had been enrolled under the communist banner by Moses Hess, who earlier had converted Frederick Engels. What brought about the quick conversion, or why Marx suddenly took to socialism, is not explained by the author. The influence of Hess is



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particularly significant in view of the fact that up to that time Marx always referred to Hess in terms of disparagement, his favorite name for him being "that communist Rabbi." In the same connection, our American Communists will be embarrassed by the disclosure that Marx was violently anti-Semitic.

Marx may not have invented the word, but he did found the first Communist Party in the world. There were seventeen charter members, not one of whom came from the proletariat; fifteen were writers. As a matter of fact, this "hero" of the workingman had very little regard for workers. Most of his followers were intellectuals and most of his financial support came from the middle-class bourgeois. His experiences with workingmen made him bitter—they generally told him that they were not sure they wanted what he said they wanted. In his letters to Engels, Marx referred to them as "those guys," "those asses," or "those stupid workers who believed everything," i.e. everything but what he wanted them to believe. So little confidence did he have in the working class that he conspired to prevent free elections in France (1848) when the workers seemed likely to reject socialism.

The influence that Marx ultimately exercised can be traced to his writings; his constant pamphleteering brought his ideas into every nook and cranny of Europe. Even the formation of communist cells postdated the influence of his writings. However, a great deal that appeared under his name was written by Engels, who was easily the more competent man but remained a shadow until Marx died. This submergence is explained by the fact that Engels was a man with "a fundamentally feminine intellect—an intellect with a longing for someone stronger than himself, longing to cling and submit."

This life of Karl Marx is well done, but it is not without its defects, the main one being the fact that it is based almost completely on the Marx-Engels correspondence. For this reason, the explanations of many events and the evaluations of many personalities are one-sided. Then, also, there are too many quotations without reference. Schwarzschild would have been much more scientific had he let the personalities speak for themselves in direct quotation rather than lose the force of their statements in indirect quotations. It is apparent that the author has done a lot of fictionizing to make up for lack of data.

GEORGE A. KELLY

The Word

HUMAN HOPE IS A FLAME, A flag, an enticing fragrance; it is the lamp and hearth at the end of a black road; it is the outboard motor which keeps thousands of mortal derelicts chugging along, no matter how high the combers, deep the troughs. It is the only medicine of the miserable, said Shakespeare; it springs eternal, added Pope; and many a Micawber, aimless but dauntless, has gladdened the heart of the world with his undismayed and jaunty "*Nil desperandum.*"

But the hope which animates the epistle for the fourth Sunday after Pentecost is not merely man's natural and recurrent optimism, his resilient ingenuity in salvaging shattered causes or converting hideous wounds into honorable scars. Paul speaks of theological or divine hope, as it is called because of its origin and its object; and such hope is a gift of God, totally undeserved by man. It floods the soul, along with faith and love, when God in His goodness lifts us to a supernatural state to which by our own strength we could neither aspire nor attain.

Divine hope is called a habit, but we do not here mean by habit an acquired facility, an established pattern of action achieved through repeated practice. Habit, in this sense, signifies a faculty of operation, a stable power of performance, the result of God's generosity rather than man's endeavor. Supernatural hope does not merely strengthen or perfect a natural aptitude; it sublimates, transforms and elevates it to a supernatural efficiency at which, unaided, it could never arrive.

The relation of hope to the other divinely-bestowed habits of faith and love, St. Thomas indicates—in discussing these three virtues which have God for their object—when he writes: there are "faith, by which we know God; hope, by which we trust to attain Him; and charity, by which we love Him." We should pray constantly for a growth of "these three" in our souls as the Church insists in her prayer: "Give unto us, O Lord, increase of faith, hope and charity."

The Romans to whom Paul was writing were no strangers to sorrow in that decadent city which Tacitus, not many years later, was to describe as the central, seething sewer of the world.

America's June Book-Log

10

best selling books

These books are reported by the stores below as having the best sales during the current month. The popularity is estimated both by the frequency with which the book is mentioned and by its relative position in the report.

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Chicago	The Thomas More Library and Book Shop 220 West Madison Street	Pittsburgh	Frank H. Kirner 309 Market Street
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Cincinnati	Frederick Pustet Company, Inc. 435 Main Street	Providence	The Marion Book Shop and Lending Library 63 Washington Street
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Detroit	Van Antwerp Catholic Library 1234 Washington Boulevard	San Francisco	Joseph Stadler & Co. 1251 Market Street
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The asterisk indicates that the book has appeared in the Book-Log's monthly report.

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O. P. Gerbet
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Macmillan
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Sheed and Ward
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5. **Companion to the Summa**
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6. **Sorrow Built a Bridge**
Katherine K. Burton
Longmans, Green
7. **The Man Who Got Even with God**
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About that same time, Pliny would be asking Trajan "whether the mere profession of Christianity, albeit without any criminal act [was to be considered a violation of the law]; or are only the crimes associated therewith punishable." The handwriting was on the wall, with enemies without, tensions and factions within the Christian community.

Yet all the sufferings of the present, Paul assures them, are small price to pay for the blinding "glory to come that will be revealed in us." The union with Christ and possession of the Holy Spirit in life will explode into full, final radiance after this life.

Each of us in these days of doubt, should brand this invigorating conviction into his consciousness, that the only worthy object of one's hope is "the God of my heart, and the God that is my portion forever"; for it is good "to put my hope in the Lord God" (Ps. 72: 26, 28). The disciples on the road to Emmaus were the classic example of men unhappy because their hopes were not conformed to the divine plan. "They were hoping that it was He who should redeem Israel" (Luke 24:13) but their ideas were at variance with God's idea, and Christ called them "foolish ones and slow of heart." Those

disciples founded a club which still has a large membership. Quite otherwise was Paul's prayer: "Blessed be the God and Father of Our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of mercies and the God of all comfort, who comforts us in all our afflictions" (2 Cor. 1:3). That was the way the saints prayed. Xavier, dying, cried out: "In thee, O Lord, have I hoped, let me never be confounded" (Ps. 30:1). It is a good prayer, living and dying.

WILLIAM A. DONACHY, S.J.

THE NATURAL LAW

A STUDY IN
LEGAL AND SOCIAL HISTORY AND PHILOSOPHY

BY

HEINRICH A. ROMMEN

TRANSLATED BY

THOMAS R. HANLEY, O.S.B., Ph.D.

\$4.00

Just human laws, whether city ordinances or legislative statutes or constitutional provisions or international treaties, have their ultimate root in the very nature of things. This basis is ascertained by human reason. We call it natural law. All other laws for men's behavior to one another must accord with this natural law, must not violate its principles. Hence for appraising the justice or injustice of human laws, a knowledge of the natural law and its principles is needed.

This book provides an admirable background for this study in the first part, which deals with the history of the idea of natural law. The author then proceeds to discuss the philosophy and content of the natural law.

The following titles of a few chapters (X-XIV) indicate the scope of the treatment: The Structure of the Sciences; The Nature of Law; Morality and Law; The Content of the Natural Law; Natural Law and Positive Law.

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Theatre

LOUISIANA LADY. In the first play produced in June there was a scene in which a respectable boarding-house was mistaken for a brothel, and in the first musical of the month most of the action occurred in a bordello. If those productions were symptomatic of a trend, it might be advisable for reviewers to rest their typewriters for the summer and hand over their chores to the vice squad.

The authors—I mean the writers—of *Louisiana Lady* are Isaac Green Jr. and Eugene Berton; and their accomplices who wrote the lyrics and music are Monte Carlo and Alma Sanders. The result of their combined efforts is an alleged musical comedy of old New Orleans which, if the chamber of commerce of that gay city should ever get wind of it, would drive its members to mayhem, or at least to file suit for libel. Other accessories to the gaucherie are Watson Barratt and Frank Thompson, respectively responsible for the sets and costumes. If the sets and costumes are not authentic New Orleans of 1830, they are at least pleasing to the eye, and it is too bad they were not designed to serve a worthier purpose.

There are some good-looking—and probably good—actors in the company, and some of them have mellifluous voices, but they start from so far behind the eight ball that they never get a chance to display their talents. They are not helped much by Edgar MacGregor's direction. In spite of its picturesque sets, colorful costumes and potentially good acting, *Louisiana Lady* is as uninspiring as Old Mother Hubbard.

Hall Shelton is the producer, and the theatre is The Century, a house that is not air-conditioned. The latter fact

which still
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prayed.
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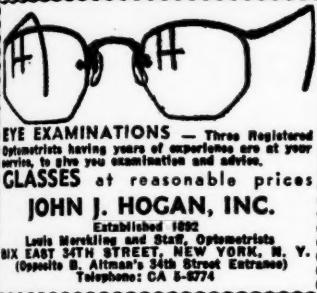
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is not important, since it is unlikely that *Louisiana Lady* will be around long enough for its audiences to complain about the heat.

OPEN HOUSE. At least one good word can be said in behalf of the anemic comedy which is the present tenant in the Cort. It puts Mary Boland back into circulation. Miss Boland is a versatile comedienne who can be trusted to get the most out of and put the most into any role committed to her expert hands. But she has never claimed to be a worker of miracles, and nothing less could make *Open House* an interesting and entertaining comedy. The script by Harry Young is too flimsy, and the direction by Coby Ruskin wavers in indecision between comedy and farce. The set by Leo Kerz is a plausible suburban living-room.

If you are curious about the plot, it can be described in a sentence or, at most, two. A motherly widow, living alone in a house that is too big for her, rents her spare rooms to some young people who are victims of the housing shortage. Her home happens to be in a "restricted" part of the town, and when the neighbors learn that she has taken in roomers they create complications. The idea, in the hands of a competent playwright like the Russian who sent us *The Whole World Over*, could have been developed into a poignant drama or an hilarious comedy. But that, roughly quoting Maud Muller, is what might have been.

Some hard-working actors—almost twenty, according to the program—are assisting Miss Boland in her effort to put some life into an inept script. It is pathetic to see them spending their abilities and sweat in vain.

THEOPHILUS LEWIS

Films

MIRACLE ON 34TH STREET. It is regrettable that the heartwarming thesis of this tale—that man cannot live by cold reason alone but must have faith—should be in part demonstrated through providing an embittered divorcee with a renewed belief in the goodness of human nature by expectations of a happier second marriage. This is a subplot to a charmingly-wrought comedy which makes Santa Claus a national issue. It all came about when the benevolent old gentleman who wore the

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red suit to such good effect in Macy's toy department maintained that he really was Kris Kringle, and the highest judge in New York found himself, at the resultant sanity hearing, in the awkward position of having to rule whether or not there is such a person. The judge's advisers told him bluntly that his political goose would be cooked by an adverse decision. Fortunately Kris' lawyer, who was courting the divorcee in his spare moments, was equal to the occasion, so all ended happily. George Seaton, who directed his own screen play, fashions some pointed social satire with hearty lampoons of commercialism, politics and phony psychiatry, and exhibits a fine flair for the brand of compelling, inverse logic that made *Alice in Wonderland* so delightful. His total effect is not quite so good as its component parts, seemingly because he was torn between fantasy and earthbound reality, and finally tried to compromise with a little of each. Edmund Gwenn is the personification of a child's fondest dream of Santa. Gene Lockhart is the upright judge caught in a painful dilemma, and Natalie Wood is surprisingly winning as the sophisticated child who learns the joys of make-believe. Maureen O'Hara and John Payne are the couple whose dubious romance mars this otherwise refreshing and wholesome film. (20th Century-Fox)

THE WOMAN ON THE BEACH. This is much ado about the infatuation of a war-shocked Coast Guard lieutenant for the lady in the title. Her husband, a blind ex-painter, treats her badly; and the younger man's early attempts to free her have the appearance of a white knight defending a damsel in distress. However, it is soon apparent that the lady is not all that she might be, and the officer, though he recognizes that his motives are neither noble nor altruistic, nevertheless persists in his attentions. In a burst of melodrama which is the film's only action, the artist burns down his house and with it his unsold paintings, which, for some unexplained reason, has a cleansing effect on his character. He goes off with his wife to start afresh, and the disenchanted officer returns to his wholesome sweetheart, sadder and wiser. The leading characters, excellently played by Joan Bennett, Robert Ryan and Charles Bickford, though far from admirable, seem very real, and the film's moods and conflicts are nicely enhanced by adroit use of the rugged

Maine coast (or reasonable facsimile thereof) for background. However, Jean Renoir's consciously "arty" direction makes it static, obscure and definitely limited in appeal. The respectability of the contrived ending fails to compensate for a lax set of moral standards. (RKO)

DESPERATE. The recent war, which schooled so many in the ultimate degree of self-reliance required for hand-to-hand combat, has lent new plausibility to the story of the ordinary man who triumphs over the organized forces of evil. Here an ex-soldier truckman is unwittingly involved in a hold-up murder, and takes to headlong flight with his wife when the gang threatens her with harm unless he "takes the rap" for one of its captured members. By the time the truckman has gotten his wife to safety, the police do not believe his protestations of innocence and leave him at liberty only in the hope that he will lead them to his confederates. The gang does trail him, and the police arrive only in time to be spectators as he turns the tables on the hoodlums. Anthony Mann's direction emphasizes brutality and minor-key lighting effects; Steve Brodie and Audrey Long, as the frightened but resolute couple, and Raymond Burr, as the gangland chief, stand out in the little-known cast. Adults will find this low-budget thriller a somewhat better than average second feature. (RKO)

MOIRA WALSH

Parade

NEWS DISPATCHES. CRACKLING over the wires, demonstrated that life on earth is changing. . . . Landlord-tenant and other relationships were taking on new forms. . . . Even the sociologists could see that unprecedented behavior patterns were muscling into the social milieu. . . . Postwar landlords sought to arouse in tenants the desire to move. . . . A Chicago landlord engaged a twelve-piece band to play night after night, long past midnight, in the rooms beneath the apartment of a tenant he wanted to evict. . . . In Los Angeles a landlord, convinced that only the break-up of their marriage could get a loving couple out of a duplex he wanted vacated, spread false stories about the tenant's wife. A \$30,000 suit for damages slowed down the landlord's wagging tongue.

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... Other new behavior patterns erupted. . . . Eskimos were buying refrigerators in Alaska. Within two weeks, a Fairbanks agency sold twelve refrigerators to Eskimos. . . . New uses for fire-fighting apparatus were discovered. . . . A Massachusetts town began staging something different in funeral processions. First came the hearse, then a fire-engine carrying the flowers, then the automobiles. . . . A new type of go-getter was discerned on the horizon. . . . A famous doctor, after pointing out that duodenal ulcers make persons high-strung and drive them to better work, declared: "If you want to hire a man who is going to produce, the easiest way is to get one who has a duodenal ulcer." . . . That the postwar baby is proving a trial to baby-sitters was indicated. . . . In Boston, a 235-pound football tackle who was formerly an Army bomb-loader stated that modern baby-sitting is more exacting and fatiguing than either football or bomb-loading. . . . Novel convict viewpoints appeared. . . . Denouncing plagiarists, the editor of the Minnesota penitentiary publication, *The Prison Mirror*, exclaimed: "Stealing from another's writing is the lowest kind of thievery."

Present-day deification of mechanical things continued. . . . In London, a so-called psychic researcher announced that the day may be near when one can telephone to the spirit world. . . . The spirits of Alexander Graham Bell and Marconi advised him (so he says) to use atom-smashing machinery in getting the spirit-telephone line strung up. Finding this too expensive, he turned to simpler methods, commenting: "If we can perfect simpler methods, anyone can have a spirit telephone costing about five pounds [\$20]." . . . This gentleman, forgetting that no communication with the dead is possible without God's permission, exhibits a weakness quite common today, to wit, a fantastically exaggerated idea of the power of mechanical things. . . . To the modern mind, the test tube and the machine seem more important than God. . . . This is truly fantastic, because the test tube and the machine get whatever power they have from God. . . . The test tube is not almighty. . . . The machine is not almighty. . . . Only God is Almighty. . . . If present-day man can be made to realize these truths, and regulate his life accordingly, life on earth will change for the better.

JOHN A. TOOMEY

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Correspondence

Archbishop Stepinatz

EDITOR: Two recent press items have brought the case of Archbishop Aloysius Stepinatz once again to the fore.

The first is the news that the attorneys who defended the Archbishop during his trial have been jailed by the Yugoslav Government, apparently for no reason other than that they served as his counsel.

The second item was a statement in *Newsweek*, to the effect that diplomats close to the Vatican fear an attempt in the fall on the part of Hungary, Czechoslovakia, Poland and Yugoslavia to establish national religions apart from Rome. In preparation for this attempt, Catholic priests and religious will be tried on trumped-up charges in an effort to liquidate all resistance and discredit the Church.

The sentencing of Archbishop Stepinatz to sixteen years imprisonment at hard labor was not the opening move in this campaign. Tito's persecution of the Church had begun long ago.

In violation of the promises of religious freedom contained in the Atlantic Charter and in the charter of the United Nations, Yugoslavia is presently waging a war against religion by indoctrinating youth from the nursery school to the university in communist concepts; and by imprisoning, exiling, executing or assassinating every churchman who dares assert there is another God than Tito.

Our Government has been flooded with protests from organizations and individuals of every religious persuasion, urging that formal protest be made through diplomatic channels against Archbishop Stepinatz' sham trial and condemnation. All such protests have been answered with a form letter. The Assistant Secretary of State issued a statement to the press in which he said that the violation of civil liberties by Yugoslavia was causing our Government "concern and worry"; but no official communication embodying this viewpoint was ever addressed to the Yugoslav Government.

There are two resolutions now before the House Committee on Foreign Affairs which would require our Government to take formal action. One is the Rooney Resolution (HCR 3), which

calls upon the President to demand the immediate release of Archbishop Stepinatz and all others imprisoned in defense of their faith. The other is the Ross-Potts Resolution (HCR 32), which demands that the Stepinatz case be submitted immediately to the General Assembly of the United Nations.

The Committee for the Liberation of Archbishop Stepinatz strongly urges all organizations and individuals concerned with religious freedom to adopt motions favoring the passage of these resolutions and to send copies to Representative Charles A. Eaton, chairman of the House Committee on Foreign Affairs. Information copies should be sent to the press, Representatives John A. Rooney and Robert Tripp Ross, and to Mr. Savo N. Kosanovich, Yugoslav Ambassador, Washington, D. C.

Brooklyn, N. Y. FRANCIS GRIFFITH
*Chairman, Committee for the
Liberation of Archbishop Stepinatz*

Scholarship on \$50 a week

EDITOR: Bravo, AMERICA, Bravo!—for printing that magnificent article, "Developing Catholic Scholars," by Father John A. O'Brien (issue of June 7.)

We've admired Father O'Brien ever since we first heard of him some fifteen years ago. We've never admired him more than we do now, after reading his plea on behalf of Catholic scholars.

As a convert who looks forward to an academic career, I must say that I find myself torn between two very reasonable desires: first of all, to do what I would love to do—teach in a Catholic university; secondly, to do what I *must* do—raise a Catholic family, providing my wife and children with the necessities of a civilized life.

To put it mildly, the situation is a strain on one's ideals. Frankly, with prices the way they are today, it is difficult in the extreme to support a wife and two children on \$50 per week. (The \$1,800 per year mentioned by Father O'Brien is almost ludicrous.) What can you do on \$50 per week today? You can pay your rent, buy groceries, carry a little insurance (mostly GI) and pay an occasional doctor's and dentist's bill. You can't save anything. You can't afford to buy books, belong to scholarly societies, carry subscrip-

tions to all the journals you ought to have in your own home. You certainly can't afford to entertain, to take in more than one movie every two months. As for new clothes!

Father O'Brien is on the right track. So is AMERICA. American GI's are the best-paid soldiers in the world! Soldiers of Christ in the academic world ought at the very least to be adequately paid!

SUMMA CUM LAUDE STUDENT
New York, N. Y.

More on Catholic colleges

EDITOR: Eleven years ago, I was graduated from a representative Catholic college for men. My experience makes me admire the restraint Miss Scanlan used. (AMERICA, May 17, 1947.) Without harming truth, she might have doffed the gloves and hit out harder.

The charge was spoken softly but, let us hope, effectively. After all, educators shouldn't need to be hit on the head. The report is more impressive for its passionless *understatement*.

Yet, with Miss Scanlan, I sympathetically sense the position of the administrators. May we reasonably expect miracles? Dare we indict the Catholic college alone when the home, the parish, the lower schools and the person himself are failing?

The truth is this: educators, priests, nuns, alumnae, alumni and the Catholic laity generally—all of us have been failing miserably in a main task. No effective segment of us has been applying religion totally to the problems of this day. In this, Catholics are still escapists. We are still infected with that virus called "retreat to the desert."

Would that it were as easy to solve as to state the difficulty.

New York, N. Y. JAMES F. KANE
General Manager, Information

EDITOR: Two points that might be made in connection with the controversy over Miss Scanlan's article: isn't there too much time and money spent on college education for people who are clearly uneducable in certain branches, with resultant lack of time and money for development of really good material; and isn't it true that the people who would make the finest leaders—public leaders, I mean—are unable to make the compromises with conscience required for rise to prominence in a milieu so much dominated by political expediency and mob appeal?

New York, N. Y. B. BETTINGER

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